

# American Psycho

by

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Based on the novel by  
Bret Easton Ellis

**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

(\* missing pgs. 61-63)

FOURTH DRAFT

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1 EXT. TRUMP'S YACHT THE PRINCESS OCTOBER 1988 - NIGHT 1

Long shot of New York's skyline in the distance. Helicopters with TV cameras, paparazzi on motorboats with telephoto lenses, aim for the showy Trump yacht.

A band plays Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*.

2 EXT. TRUMP'S YACHT STARBOARD DECK - SAME 2

On deck, DONALD TRUMP stands among young socialites in tuxedos and ballgowns drinking and nibbling hors d'oeuvres. A fundraiser for the 1988 Republican Presidential campaign. Bush's face on nearby television monitors.

3 INT. YACHT BEDROOM - SAME 3

The energetic TIMOTHY PRICE is banging a girl in pearls. Tim, 28, slicked back hair, chiselled features, terribly handsome.

Angle on an antique sword hanging on the wall rocking. E.C.U. on drops of water running down the groove of the blade. Dripping on the carpet.

4 EXT. YACHT WAKE - SAME 4

In the churning wake of the yacht THREE DEAD BODIES twist and float upon the water, blood everywhere. *Rhapsody in Blue* continues to play.

The paparazzi spot the bodies, steer their boats over to the corpses and start snapping away. Distorted, the female's youthful face disappears in the murky water.

5 INT. CHANTERELLE RESTAURANT OCTOBER 1988 - LUNCH HOUR 5

POV over a fork digging into a meal of calves brains resting on a bed of spinach. Focus shifts to Timothy Price across the table.

TIMOTHY PRICE

What do I do? Go back to Los Angeles?  
Not an alternative. I didn't transfer  
from UCLA to Stanford to put up with  
this. I mean am I alone in thinking  
we're not making enough money? I have a  
co-op here. I have a place in the  
Hamptons. - I have friends in the  
Hamptons, for Christ sakes.

FRIEND (O.S.)

Parents', guy. It's the parents'!

TIMOTHY PRICE

I'm buying it from them.

INT. SQUASH COURT VERTICAL CLUB GYM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

6

A black ball at high velocity hits a red line bisecting a white background as Tim's monologue continues. Their muscles are ripped, bodies in fine form. Equally matched, competing over the point. The friend's face is out of range.

TIMOTHY PRICE

There's this theory out now that if you can catch the AIDS virus through having sex with someone who is infected then you can also catch anything, whether it's a virus per se or not - Alzheimer's, Muscular Dystrophy, hemophilia, anorexia, cancer, cerebral palsy, dyslexia, for Christ sakes - you can get dyslexia from pussy.

At high velocity the black ball nearly creases Tim's back. The friend takes the point.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

7

Timothy Price and the same friend head uptown. An ambulance passes on their left, a siren blares.

ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE is scrawled in blood red lettering across the Chemical Bank.

A poster for Les Miserables on the side of a bus passes by.

Tim closes a cellular phone and places it in his attache case beside his Quotron portable stock quotation computer.

TIMOTHY PRICE

I'm an asset...I'm resourceful, I'm young, unscrupulous. In essence what I am saying is that society cannot afford to lose me.

Price looks at his friend who is looking away from him out the opposite window. Friend's POV: Times Square. Angle on the Sony Diamond Vision screen looming over Broadway projecting footage from a plane crash.

The word FEAR is sprayed in red graffiti on the side of a McDonald's.

Full frame on Times Square's billboard for a Calvin Klein underwear ad.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(rambling)

Meredith is history. I'm gone...I mean I tell her I'm sensitive. I told her I was freaked out by the Challenger accident - what more does she want...All I get is shit from her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the sidewalk an ugly old BAG LADY holding a whip cracks it at a group of pigeons pecking at a hotdog. C.U. on hot dog.

TIMOTHY PRICE (O.S.)

That's the twenty-ninth bum I've seen today. I've kept count. Why aren't you wearing the worsted navy blue blazer with the gray pants?

The cab turns East on 44th. Tim takes out today's paper. Tilt down on New York Times front page headline "Three Socialites Disappear From Yacht." Turns the page.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Look. In one issue - in one issue of the New York Times - let's see here... strangled models-

FRIEND (O.S.)

She wasn't a model.

The cab drives up Madison Avenue past corporate types. Passing - Brooks Brothers, Paul Stuart, and Tripler's, with their windows of suits; Hoffritz knives and scissors -

TIMOTHY PRICE (O.S.)

Babies thrown from tenement rooftops...Black market babies...baby junkies, building collapses on baby, maniac baby...

The cab stops at 69th Street between Madison and Fifth.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Bingo, thirty.

Tim pays. A BEGGAR gets out of his cardboard box bed against the townhouses, approaches the cab. The beggar wears a jumpsuit, styrofoam cup held out to them. Price gets out, holds the cab door open for the beggar.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(to friend)

I suppose he doesn't want the cab.

(to bum)

Do you take American Express?

The bum nods yes, shuffling away.

Price whistling *If I Were A Rich Man*, bounds up the stairs to the front door of a townhouse. Rings the bell.

The next door neighbor, VIRGINIA BELL, a hard body, great ass, high heels, barely closes her door, doesn't lock it, and passes the two of them, moving toward a chauffeur-driven Mercedes Benz 580 idling at the curb.

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CONTINUED: (2)

7

TIMOTHY PRICE  
(half to himself)  
Worth half a billion. Bell telephone  
heiress. No phone bills.

COURTNEY opens the door. She's breathtaking. Brunette.

INT. EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - SAME

8

She airkisses Price first, taking the Armani coat.

Talking Heads' *Road to Nowhere* plays from the living room.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
A bit late, aren't we, boys?

She airkisses his friend, her breast rubbing against his arm.  
She takes his identical Armani coat and hangs up both coats  
in the hall closet.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Inept Arab cabbie. Do we have  
reservations somewhere?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Eating in tonight, darlings. I'm sorry.  
I know, I know, I know, I tried to talk  
Evelyn out of it but we're having...soo-  
shi.

Tim moves past her and down the foyer toward the kitchen.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Evelyn?

Tim's friend is lit by an entranceway chandelier.  
Introducing PATRICK BATEMAN. Handsome as a model from GQ.  
His hands on Courtney's waist.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It's good to see you. You look very  
pretty tonight. Your face has  
a...youthful glow.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
You really know how to charm the ladies,  
Bateman.  
(flirtatiously)  
Should I tell Evelyn you feel this way?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No. But, I bet you'd like to.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Come on.  
(steering him down the hall)  
We have to save Evelyn. She's trying to  
spell your initials - the P in  
yellowtail, the B in tuna-

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN

How romantic.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

-and she doesn't have enough yellowtail to finish the B so she's going to spell Tim's initials instead. Do you mind?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm terribly jealous and I think I better talk to Evelyn.

Courtney giggles. She's happy tonight.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Evelyn Richards stands at an island in a huge, immaculate kitchen. Blonde hair pinned back in a severe-looking bun. More high-strung than Courtney, more neurotic, refined to a fault. Very pretty in more or less the same exact outfit.

She picks up a piece of sushi and places it cautiously on the platter of sushi forming the letters T, P.

EVELYN RICHARDS

I'm so unsure. It's a mess. I swear I'm going to cry.

Popping a sushi into his mouth.

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, no, the sushi looks marvelous. Mmm, mmm, delicious.

Bateman hugs Evelyn from behind. She slaps him playfully, airkisses his cheek. Price hands Bateman a J&B, and walks into another room.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Could you be a dear and get the Kirin out of the refrigerator?

Price immediately re-enters the kitchen.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Who in the hell is in the living room?

EVELYN RICHARDS

Stash. (whispers) He's an artist. And Vanden, his girlfriend.

TIMOTHY PRICE

There are humans from the East Village here?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

10

Smoking cigarettes, STASH sits in all black clothes beside VANDEN, green in her hair, staring at April Skies - Jesus and Mary Chain on MTV.

Pat offers his hand.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Ahem. (cough) Hi. Pat Bateman.

She takes it, says nothing. Stash smells his fingers.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

11

PATRICK BATEMAN

She's got a green streak in her hair.  
And she's smoking. Are they on welfare?

TIMOTHY PRICE

Is she on welfare because she has green hair - or because she's smoking? That's the logic of a dweeb Bateman.

EVELYN RICHARDS

(pouting)

He's not a dweeb. For a while I thought he was an extraterrestrial, but, he's the boy next door.

(serious)

We have to eat this now or else we're going to be poisoned.

Evelyn carries the tray of sushi into the dining room.

2 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

12

Patrick sits at the head of the Chippendale table. Vanden reads from EYE, an East Village rag. Stash plays with his food and never looks up. Evelyn eyes Price. Tim is talking, noticing the EYE headline-

TIMOTHY PRICE

The DEATH OF DOWNTOWN. Who gives a rat's ass about the death of downtown?

VANDEN

Hey, it affects us.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(tipsy)

Oh ho ho. What about the massacres in Sri Lanka, honey? Doesn't that affect us?

Pat stares at Courtney. She chews and swallows. Her wet tongue exposed through slightly parted rosy lips.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh come on, Price. There are more important problems than Sri Lanka.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Like what?

PATRICK BATEMAN

(earnest)

Well, internationally, we have to end apartheid for one. Slow down nuclear arms. Stop terrorism and world hunger. Prevent U.S. military involvement overseas.

(pause)

Domestically, we need to control and find a cure for the AIDS epidemic. Clean up environmental damage from toxic waste and pollution, strengthen laws to crack down on crime and illegal drugs.

Everyone is incredulous. Even Stash.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Economically, we're a mess. We have to reduce the deficit. We need to provide training and jobs for the unemployed. We have to make America the leader in new technology. Hold down interest rates, while promoting opportunity to small businesses, thereby controlling mergers and big corporate takeovers.

Tim Price nearly coughs up his Absolut.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Socially, we have to provide shelter for the homeless, better and long term care for the elderly, oppose racial discrimination, improve primary and secondary education, promote equal rights for women. We have to curb graphic sex and violence on TV, in movies and popular music. Most importantly we have to promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

Everyone is reduced to silence. Evelyn pushes back her plate.

13 INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

13

Price, on an eighteenth century Aubusson carpet, on his knees, smells and sniffs Evelyn's bare legs as she brushes her hair. She laughs sipping a glass of champagne.

Pat is on Evelyn's bed drinking a J&B, tensing up. They're all laughing. A sense that things might get out of hand.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Tim tries to push his head under her Ralph Lauren robe.  
Patrick getting up off the bed.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Oh, god, get out of here, Tim. You  
should go.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Dinner tomorrow?

EVELYN RICHARDS  
I'll have to ask my boyfriend.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Bateman's not welcome.

Patrick pushes Tim out roughly.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Come on fella. Beddy-bye time.

Tim blows Evelyn a kiss and leaves.

Patrick returns to his place on the bed. Pat loosens his  
tie.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Why don't you go for Price? He's rich,  
good looking, has a great body.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Everybody's rich, everybody's good-  
looking Patrick, and everybody has a  
great body, now.

The Home Shopping channel's embroidered throw pillows, lamps  
shaped like footballs, glass dolls, Lady Zirconia, drift  
across the TV screen.

Pat places the tumbler on the nightstand beside a bottle  
labelled Prozac.

He rolls over on top of her. Kisses and licks her neck.  
Lifts his shirt off, placing her hand on his rock-hard torso.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(slightly excited)  
You're evil.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No, just your fiance.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Are you using minoxidol?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No, I'm not...why? Should I?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

He attempts sex with her. She stares at the television.

14 EXT. SIXTY-THIRD STREET OUTSIDE EVELYN'S - SAME NIGHT

14

Patrick walks down the steps of Evelyn's house. He stops and looks at Virginia Bell's brownstone. Then moves on.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. PATRICK'S LIVING ROOM, CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER

15

In a very impressive apartment high above the city Patrick Bateman stands up masturbating.

CUT TO:

Images pass through his mind of Evelyn, then Courtney, then Vanden, then Evelyn again, and finally a near naked Cindy Crawford in a halter top out of a Calvin Klein ad.

BACK TO SCENE:

He achieves a very weak orgasm.

16 INT. PATRICK'S LIVINGROOM - SUNRISE

16

Patrick's Wurlitzer plays the Tokens' song, *The Lion Sleeps Tonight*. "In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight." Sunrise lights up the room, pouring in rays of light. Each ray strikes a different piece from a top of the line VCR, thirty-one inch digital television, to a Julian Schnabel broken plate painting, onto a stack of recording studio quality audio gear including six-foot high Brazilian Rosewood speakers, and the Baldwin concert grand piano, in black.

PUSH INTO BLACK

17 INT. PATRICK'S BATHROOM - SAME

17

MONTAGE song continues - Patrick showers - the shower stall is entirely mirrored glass - looking at his body in the wall, floor, and ceiling. His morning ritual begins. His face dissolves in the spray of water. Erno Laszlo black soap, La Prairie slougher, Clarins astringent. He shaves with Calvin Klein products, sheds, scrapes himself, then applies the astringent, moisturizer, toner.

Out of the shower: In a triptych of bathroom mirrors; Pat towels off. Body moisturizes. Puts on Calvin Klein boxer shorts.

18 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - SAME

18

Patrick slides open a floor to ceiling wall to wall wardrobe immaculately laid out by tone. C.U. on the labels as Pat dresses in a Chanel shirt, Armani suit, Valentino tie. He pauses to watch the television.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT ON

Full frame on *The Patty Winters Show*. In classic talk show tradition, PATTY in her signature red-framed glasses and short blonde hairdo interviews a WOMAN speaking about her multiple personality disorder.

PATTY WINTERS

Well, is it schizophrenia or what's the deal? Tell us.

WOMAN

No, oh no. Multiple personalities are not schizophrenics. We are not dangerous.

PATTY WINTERS

Well, who were you last month?

WOMAN

Last month I was mostly Polly...

REACTION SHOT of a housewife's face showing understanding.

PATTY WINTERS

Well, now who are you?

WOMAN

(struggling

Well...

(sick of being asked that question)

Well, this month I'm Lambchop. Mostly...Lambchop.

19 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER WALL STREET - SAME MORNING

19

Pat is among the swarming BUSINESSMEN carrying briefcases walking into the main entrance to the World Trade Center.

His gold Day-Date Rolex says it's 8:20.

20 INT. ELEVATOR OF WORLD TRADE CENTER - SAME

20

The elevator numbers light up ascending from the fifteenth to the seventy-first floor in seconds. MARCUS HALBERSTAM standing beside Patrick. Marcus looks a lot like Patrick except that he has less of a tan and a small bump on the bridge of his nose.

MARCUS HALBERSTAM

The restaurant's called Dorsia. And it's got this brilliant fusilli-shitake dish. Fuckers wouldn't give me a reservation for three weeks.

C U. Marcus handing shiny black match book to Pat. DORSIA printed in white.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

MARCUS HALBERSTAM

(CONT'D)

Montgomery wanted to get in so bad he tried to buy the place. They wouldn't sell. Montgomery felt very alienated by this.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well, there are some things money can't buy. Right Halberstam?

The elevator arrives at the seventy-second floor, doors open into Pierce and Pierce headquarters. Pat steps out.

21 INT. PIERCE &amp; PIERCE SEVENTY-SECOND FLOOR - SAME

21

Brushes into a very hungover LUIS CARRUTHERS.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh, excuse me, Luis...

LUIS CARRUTHERS

No. No one could feel like I do and still be Luis. You're excused.

He walks off holding his head.

Pat passes by glass rooms of somber financial types. Impressive.

He opens a first door and reaches JEAN his secretary at her desk. In her hand is this month's *Fortune* magazine.

She looks up and smiles shyly. Patrick sails into his large office. She follows in her Chanel pantsuit.

22 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - SAME

22

All of Manhattan Island appears embedded in the glass window behind his desk.

JEAN

Late? Tanning salon?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I hit the gym. Any messages?

JEAN

Ricky Hendricks has to cancel today. He didn't say what it was he was cancelling or why.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I occasionally box with Ricky at the Harvard Club.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

22

JEAN

And, Spencer wants to meet you for a drink at Temple Bar.

PATRICK BATEMAN

When?

JEAN

After six.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Negative. Cancel it.

JEAN

Oh? And what should I say?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Just...say...no.

(pause)

Did you see *The Patty Winters Show* this morning on multiple personality disorder?

JEAN (O.S.)

(charmed)

No. How was it?

PATRICK BATEMAN

(pause, looking up)

Forget it. I'm not even sure I saw it...

(pause)

Okay, I need reservations for three at Michaels at twelve-thirty and if not there, try Fraunces. All right?

JEAN

(jokey)

Yes sir.

She turns to leave.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh wait, and book me reservations for two at Arcadia at eight tomorrow night.

She turns around, fallen but smiling.

JEAN

Oh, something romantic?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, silly. Forget it. I'll make them. Thanks.

JEAN

I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No. Be a doll and just get me a Perrier,  
okay?

JEAN  
You look nice today.

She leaves. Closes the door.

23 INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - SAME

23

She prepares his Perrier in a crystal glass on a tray, with  
ice, and lime.

Jean takes the tray and a file labeled "Ransom file" and  
enters Pat's office.

24 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - SAME

24

She places the file before him.

JEAN  
Here's the Ransom file you wanted to see.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(confused)  
The Ransom file? Oh right. Thanks.

JEAN  
Of course.

He looks her over quickly.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Don't wear that outfit again.

JEAN  
Um, what? I didn't hear you.

She sets the drink down.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I said, you shouldn't wear that outfit  
again. Wear a dress. A skirt or  
something.

She looks down at herself.

JEAN  
You don't like this, I take it.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Come on, you're prettier than that.

JEAN  
Thanks' Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

The phone on her desk rings.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm not here.

She turns to leave.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
And high heels, I like high heels.

She leaves shaking her head good naturedly.

EXT. HANOVER STREET - THAT DAY - SUNSET

25

Timothy Price and Patrick Bateman walk toward Harry's of Hanover. Limousines fill the block, long ones.

INT. HARRY'S BAR - SAME

26

Pat and Tim join up with CRAIG MCDERMOTT and the ultra-prepped-out DAVID VAN PATTEN, drinking at the bar. The room is overcrowded with similar Wall Streeters. George Michael's song, *Father Figure*, plays with its pleading, yearning voice. 'That's all I wanted. Something special, something sacred.'

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
Now, this is my question. A two-parter. Are rounded collars too dressy or too casual? Part two, which tie knot looks best with them?

Luis Carruthers smiles at Pat, shakes his hand and turns back to the bar attempting to get the BARTENDER'S attention.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It's a very versatile look and it can go with both suits and sport coats. It should be starched for dressy occasions and a collar pin should be worn if it's particularly formal.

(pause)

If it's worn with a blazer then the collar should look soft and it can be worn either pinned or unpinned. Since it's a traditional, preppy look it's best if balanced by a relatively small four-in-hand-knot.

(beat)

Next question?

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
(impressed)  
Buy the man a drink.

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
Hell, buy him two.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN

What do we want to eat?

TIMOTHY PRICE

(returns with drinks)

Something blonde with big tits.

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Listen, we're stopping by the Tunnel afterwards, so I made a reservation here.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

Oh shit, we're eating here, and we're going to Tunnel? Last week I picked up this Vassar chick there and-

DAVID VAN PATTEN

I was there. I don't need to hear this story again.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

But I never told you what happened afterwards.

(to Price)

You were on that fucking cruise thing. Now shut up and listen.

(to Pat)

So, okay, I picked up this Vassar chick at Tunnel - hot number - big tits, great legs, this chick was a little hardbody - and so I buy her a couple of champagne kirs and she's in the city probably cutting classes and she's practically blowing me in the Chandelier Room and so I take her back to my place-

PATRICK BATEMAN

Whoa, wait, may I ask where Pamela is during all this?

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

Oh, fuck you. I want a blow-job, Bateman. I want a chick who's gonna let me-

DAVID VAN PATTEN

(hands clamped over his ears)

I don't want to hear this. He's going to say something disgusting.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

You prude, listen, we're not gonna invest in a co-op together or jet down to Saint Bart's. I just want some chick whose face I can sit on for thirty, forty minutes. - Anyway, so we're back at my place and listen to this...She's had enough champagne to get a fucking rhino tippy, and get this-

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED (2)

26

PATRICK BATEMAN

She let you fuck her without a condom?

Frank Astley's *Never Gonna Give You Up* plays in the background.

CRAIG McDERMOTT

This is a Vassar girl. She's not from Queens.

TIMOTHY PRICE

What does that mean?

DAVID VAN PATTEN

I've found this article. I'll Xerox it and Fed Ex it over. Says our chances of catching that are, like zero. Zero point half a decimal no matter what chick we're boffing. Guys just cannot get it. Well, not white guys.

CRAIG McDERMOTT

Anyway, listen, she would...are you ready? She would only give me a handjob, and get this...she kept her glove on.

They all take this in solemnly.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Uh moral of the story McDufus?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Never pick up a Vassar chick, perhaps.

TIMOTHY PRICE

The girl was wearing a fucking glove? A glove? Jesus, why didn't you just jerk off instead?

DAVID VAN PATTEN

What you need is a chick from Camden.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Oh great, some chick who thinks it's okay to fuck her brother.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Do you know what Ed Gein said about women?

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Ed Gein? Maitre D' at Canal Bar?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No serial killer, Wisconsin in the Fifties. An interesting psychological profile

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

TIMOTHY PRICE  
So what did Eddie say?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
"When I see a pretty girl walking down  
the street I think of two things. One  
part of me wants to take her out and be  
real nice and sweet and treat her  
right..."

TIMOTHY PRICE  
And what does the other part of him  
think?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
What her head would look like on a stick.

They all laugh.

MAITRE D'  
May I show you to your table?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Affirmative.

They are brought to the best table in the place.

Once seated, Pat takes out his gazzelleskin wallet and pulls  
from it his new business card and slaps it on the table,  
waiting for reactions.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
What's that? A gram?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(trying to act casual)  
New card. What do you think?

C.U. on card as Craig fingers it.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
(impressed)  
Whoa, very nice. Take a look.

He hands it to Van Patten.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Picked them up from the printers  
yesterday.

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
Cool coloring.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
That's bone. And the lettering is  
something called Silian Rail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

16

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
Silian Rail?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Yeah. Not bad, huh?

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
It is very cool, Bateman...Nice.

A busboy brings four raspberry Bellinis to the table.

Van Patten pulls his wallet out and slaps a card down next to an ashtray. They all lean in to inspect. C.U. on the business card.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
That's really nice.

Pat's fist is clenched.

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
(to Pat)  
Eggshell with Rolamian type. What do you think?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(croaks)  
Nice.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Jesus, this is really super. How'd a nitwit like you get so tasteful? But wait, you ain't seen nothin' yet...

Price pulls his card out of his coat pocket and slowly, dramatically, turns it over for the table's inspection.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Mine.

Furious, Pat grabs Price's.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Raised lettering, pale nimbus white...

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
Holy shit, I've never seen a card that looks this expensive.

A hardbody WAITRESS approaches tentatively with a bottle of champagne.

WAITRESS  
Complimentary champagne from Scott Montgomery.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (5)

26

TIMOTHY PRICE  
 Nonvintage...And he's worth 600 million.  
 That fucking weasel. If all your friends  
 are morons is it a felony or an act of  
 god if you blow their fucking heads off  
 with a .38 magnum?

Price finds Montgomery's table and gives him a thumbs up.  
 MONTGOMERY, 24, is seated next to a tall recognizable MODEL

The waitress exposes more than just cleavage as she leans  
 down gripping the bottle leaving four more glasses of  
 champagne along with the other four glasses.

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
 (looking across room)  
 Who's that?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 (without looking)  
 Ted Bundy?

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
 No - that cretin over there in a Ralph  
 Lauren tattersall jacket.

A handsome, dynamic, young WALL STREET TYPE eats steak at a  
 table of young MEN.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
 That's Paul Owen.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 What, are you freebasing again? That's  
 not Paul Owen. Paul Owen's on the other  
 side of the bar. Over there.

Owen stands at the bar, in profile, 28, handsome, dynamic.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
 How'd he get the Fisher account?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 Lucky bastard.

Patrick looks at Paul Owen. A single light fixture  
 illuminates Paul's head as he walks out of the bar past a  
 sign - "THIS IS NOT AN EXIT."

27 INT. THE TUNNEL CLUB - LATER

27

The dance floor of the club is built on the remains of an  
 abandoned railway tunnel. Tracks and brick walls are still  
 intact.

INT. V.I.P. CHANDELIER ROOM TUNNEL - SAME

28

INXS' *Devil Inside* plays as they pass by THREE BLONDE HARDBODIES, definitely paying attention to Patrick. The room is jammed with young MEN in tuxedos, holding champagne flutes, cigars.

Price spots TED MADISON with an unlit cigar in his mouth. They shake hands.

TED MADISON

Hey Mr. Price. Very good to see you, sir.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Madison, we need your services.

TED MADISON

(with the program)

Buy 'em low, sell 'em high, get your drugs from the F.B.I.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Something more immediate.

TED MADISON

Of course. Bateman, nice tan. Why aren't you wearing a tux?

TIMOTHY PRICE

Listen. We need drugs.

TED MADISON

Patience. Price, patience. I'll talk to Ricardo.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(pushing)

A gram is fine. No, two.

Pat hands him two fifty dollar bills. Price adds a hundred.

TED MADISON

Back in a flash. Use the drink tickets.

Ted disappears into the crowd.

Price stares at the train tracks beyond the dance floor, possessed, by the dark tunnel.

A girl spins alone in the corner to New Order's *Bizarre Love Triangle*. A nipple accidentally shows, her dress is so low-cut.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm going out with Courtney tomorrow night. She asked me out, she sounded vaguely, um, sexual.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED.

28

Price stares at the train tracks mournfully

TIMOTHY PRICE  
(sarcastic)

Great.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well, why not? Carruthers is out of town. Courtney's a babe. It's a free country.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
Might as well hire someone from an escort service. Courtney's gonna cost you a lot more to get laid. Meredith was the same. She expected to be paid. They all do.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Price, you're priceless.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
(murmurs)  
Where do those tracks go?

Price and Pat watch the laser lights flashing.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I don't know - Hoboken?

Madison comes back - snorting loudly, a big plastered jittery grin on his face. He hands Price the stuff using a handshake. Price splits so quickly that when Madison tries to slap him on his back he hits air. Patrick follows.

29 INT. MEN'S ROOM TUNNEL - SAME

29

They slip into a stall together and bolt the door. Price hands Pat the small envelope.

TIMOTHY PRICE  
I'm shaking. You open it.

C.U. Pat carefully opens a piece of magazine paper folded into a small rectangle. The drugs sit tenuously atop a bathing suit beach shot of CINDY CRAWFORD in a bikini lying on sand.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Jeez, that's not a helluva lot, is it?

TIMOTHY PRICE  
What the fuck is Ricardo's problem?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Shhh, let's just do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

29

TIMOTHY PRICE

Is he selling it by the fucking  
milligram?

Price sticks his American Express card into the powder, and  
snorts it. He gasps.

TIMOTHY PRICE

On my god.

PATRICK BATEMAN

What?

TIMOTHY PRICE

It's a fucking gram of...Sweet 'N' Low.

Pat does some of it.

PATRICK BATEMAN

It's definitely weak but I have a feeling  
if we do all of it we'll be okay.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(screams)

I want to get high off this, Bateman, not  
sprinkle it on my fucking All-Bran!

PRISSY-VOICED MALE (O.S.)

(from next stall)

You can always put it in your cafe au  
lait.

Price's eyes widen in disbelief and he flies into a rage,  
pounding the side of the stall.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Calm down. Let's do it anyway.

Price relents, running his hand through his slicked-back  
hair.

TIMOTHY PRICE

I guess you're right.

(raises voice)

That is, if the faggot in the next stall  
thinks it's okay.

PRISSY-VOICED MALE (O.S.)

(pause) (lisps)

It's okay with me...

TIMOTHY PRICE

Fuck yourself'

PRISSY-VOICED MALE (O.S.)

(mimics macho-lisp,

Fuck yourself

CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

Price tries to scramble over the aluminum wall and Pat pulls him down with his free hand. The toilet next door flushes. Footsteps leaving.

Price rubs trembling hands over his crimson face. Eyes closed.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(quietly)

Okay. let's do it.

PATRICK BATEMAN

That's the spirit.

POV: Cindy Crawford. (Live action - same bikini, same setting as magazine photo) Her body turning sensually against bleached white beach. White particles of sand clinging to her skin. The camera traveling along her thighs, her wet belly, the small of her back. Follow white sand particles across her face, resting on her eyes.

30 INT. DANCE FLOOR - SAME

30

M/A/R/R/S' *Pump Up The Volume* plays. Pat heads for Price who is talking with Paul Owen. Tensing visibly, Price's hands grip the steel railing separating him from the dance floor and the club's train tracks in the abandoned tunnel.

Pat nods a greeting to Paul. Paul Owen speaks with a snobby lock-jaw inflection. Price stares out at the dance floor.

PAUL OWEN

(mistakenly to Patrick)

Hello, Halberstam.

Price fails to register the name mis-matching. Pat allows it, not losing a beat.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Hello, Owen.

PAUL OWEN

How are you?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Very happy.

PAUL OWEN

How's the Hawkins account?

PATRICK BATEMAN

It's...it's all right.

PAUL OWEN

Really? That's interesting. Not great?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

34

31

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh well, you know...life is a living hell, and there are many more people I, uh, want to...want to. well, reduce in number.

PAUL OWEN

(not really listening)

Halberstam how's Cecelia? She's a great girl.

Pat checks again if Price heard this. He didn't.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh yes, I have to thank my lucky stars...Are you still handling the Fisher Account?

PAUL OWEN

Uh huh. Here's my card. Let's talk business. Soon.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Great...

Pat pretends to check his breast pocket for his own card

PATRICK BATEMAN

You know I'm just having new cards made up with raised lettering.

Now Tim notices. Pat gives a big smile. Paul sips champagne. JOHN KENNEDY JR. on the dance floor.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(interrupts fed up)

I'm leaving, I'm getting out.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(confused)

Leaving what?

TIMOTHY PRICE

This. Listen to me. I'm leaving.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Where to? You want me to find Ricardo? Where are you gonna go?

TIMOTHY PRICE

Away...

PATRICK BATEMAN

Don't tell me, Merchant Banking? Where to? Morgan Stanley? Rehab? What?

(CONTINUED.)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

PAUL OWEN

(to Pat)

Tell him don't worry, be nappy. Do you  
have a light?

He holds out his cigar. Pat takes a similar one out of a  
pocket. Checking his pockets for a light.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(to a WAITRESS)

Excuse, me. Ms. Hardbody. Matches  
please!

Pat's mood grows serious. She hands them over.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(to himself)

Ugly bitch.

Pat hands matches to Owen as McDermott returns, grabs Pat's  
arm.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

What the fuck is Price doing? Look.

Pat turns around, and sees Price perched on the rails, trying  
to balance, holding both hands out, eyes closed, as if  
blessing the crowd. The strobe light flashes on and off at  
him to the beat of Eddie Murphy's *Party All The Time*. On the dance  
floor a smoke machine billows up a cloud. Price is saying  
something no one can hear.

Pat pushes forward. Pat looks back at Paul. He's gone.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Goodbye! Fuckheads!

Gracefully Price twists around, hops over the railing, leaps  
onto the tracks, runs away into the tunnel. Stumbling once,  
twice, with the strobe light flashing.

31 INT. TAXI LINCOLN CENTER - DUSK

31

Patrick in a cab with Courtney.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You know you were late and the only thing  
keeping you alive at this moment is your  
wealth. Your family's wealth protects  
you tonight. Or maybe the wine I drank  
deadened my impulses. Who knows?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

Just don't smoke a cigar, Patrick.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Is that Donald Trump's car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31

Trump smokes a cigar in the limo.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(thick and drugged)  
Oh god, Patrick. Shut up.

Courtney looks beautiful against soft-focus globes of oncoming headlights. He strokes her hair, kisses her ear

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You should take some more lithium. Or have a Diet Coke...Some caffeine might get you out of this slump.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(softly)  
I just want to have a child.  
Just...two...perfect...children.

2 INT. 150 WOOSTER RESTAURANT - LATER SAME NIGHT

32

C.U. on a red, white and blue fireworks print tie which Scott Montgomery is wearing. Scott and ANNE SMILEY are seated at a table with Pat and Courtney.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(to himself)  
Why didn't you return those goddamn videos Bateman, you damn son-of-a-bitch.

On the table are four plates: hen with its legs spread apart surrounded by blueish-red violets and quail eggs all splattered with red sauce resembling a crucifixion.

A WAITER takes a drink order.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
J&B straight.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(distantly)  
Champagne. On the rocks.  
(beat)  
Oh, with a twist.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(irritated)  
Twist of what?...Let me guess, melon?

Worried expression on Patrick's brow.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(to Courtney)  
Last night I rented Naked Knocked Up And Nailed. Did I return it?

CONTINUED:

32 CONTINUED:

WAITER  
You mean lemon, miss?

The waiter gives Pat an icy stare.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(lost)  
Yes. Of course. Lemon.

ANNE SMILEY  
I'll just have...  
(stalls, deliberating)  
Oh, I'll just have - Diet Coke - Aerobics  
at nine.

SCOTT MONTGOMERY  
(Arkansas accent)  
Not even a glass of Chardonnay?

ANNE SMILEY  
(naughtily)  
I shouldn't. Listen, I'll be daring.  
I'll have a Diet Coke with rum.

Scott sighs, then smiles.

ANNE SMILEY  
That's caffeine-free Diet Coke, right?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Listen, you should have Diet Pepsi  
instead of Diet Coke.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(to Courtney)  
I had been in fact sipping a Diet Pepsi  
as I watched Naked Knocked Up And Nailed.

FLASH CUT TO:

A totally tan bleached-blond hardbody, PORNO STAR, on all  
fours giving head to some guy (which we can't really see  
because her head is in the way).

CUT BACK TO:

Patrick notices Scott and Anne, and even Courtney staring at  
him.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It's much better. It's fizzier. It has  
a cleaner taste. It mixes better with  
rum on account of it's having a lower  
sodium content.

FLASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

32

Porno star still in all fours position but for the fact that held in her right hand, she is sucking on a huge silver vibrator, red lipstick comes off on the silver

CUT BACK TO

Shot of restaurant table facing Pat.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(his voice trembling with  
emotion)

Listen. Have whatever you want.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(quietly)  
It's O.K. It really is.

Courtney reaches over gently resting her hand on his wrist.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(genuinely soft and sweet)  
You know, I remember being afraid the  
first time I drank a Perrier.

Courtney languidly slides down her chair. Patrick kicks her hard stopping her slide underneath the table. She manages a malicious stare at Pat through her lithium haze.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Kick me again and no pussy, do you  
understand?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(brightly)  
Um, Anne! I'm terrible with names and  
faces Anne, but I've finally remembered  
where it was we met. Aspen two years ago  
Christmas time. You were Megan's friend.  
The waitress at Abesone's in Aspen.

Courtney slides some more. Pat supports her.

ANNE SMILEY  
Oh that's right. That was the year Megan  
was raped. Oh god. That's right.

SCOTT MONTGOMERY  
Megan was raped that year? Are you sure  
it wasn't the year before?

33 INT. COURTNEY'S BEDROOM AT THE DAKOTA SEVENTY-SECOND STREET  
AND CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER

33

O.S. Ambulance sirens wail. Courtney lies naked on her back. Her legs tan, aerobicized, muscular and spread. Pat goes down on her. She orgasms twice

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(dreamy, lithium voice)  
I want you to fuck me.

Pat's lips and fingers easily tear open a red Trojan wrapper.

Pulling her hands across her belly from below camera range she forces Pat to suck her already wet fingers, red nails.

She pulls her wet fingers across her tongue.

Her lips make a big red donut shape filling the frame the edge of Pat's lips nearly making contact.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Shit!

Pat realizes something's wrong. Pulls out.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
What? Did you forget something?

He gets up from the futon and stumbles into the bathroom.

34 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

34

Pat trips on the scale, trying to pull the condom off, and turn the light switch on. He stubs his toe.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Shit!

He opens the medicine cabinet.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
Patrick what are you doing?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm looking for the water-soluble  
spermicidal lubricant. What do you think  
I'm doing? Looking for an Advil?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
Oh my god, you didn't have any on?

Pat notices a small razor nick above his lip in the mirror.  
C.U. on the nick.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Courtney, where is it?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
I cannot hear you Patrick.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(muttering)  
Luis has terrible taste in cologne.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

He sniffs the Paco Rabanne.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
What are you saying?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(in a fit)  
The water-soluble spermicidal lubricant.

Combing his hair back as he screams.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
What do you mean, where is it? Didn't  
you have it with you? Top shelf. I  
think.

Pan across shelves of the medicine cabinet, which is totally  
filled with multivarious, multicolored psychiatric  
prescriptions. He finally finds the tube behind a bottle - a  
jar - of blue Xanax pills on the top shelf.

Pat dabs a little Xanax inside the condom and on the outside  
of the Latex Sheath. O.S. Pat puts the condom back on.

Swallowing a blue Valium, he steps into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

35

Patrick jumps onto the futon.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Patrick, this is not a fucking  
trampoline.

He mounts her.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(gasping)  
Wait.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
What?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Is it a receptacle tip?

She tries to push Pat off of her. He tongues her ear.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Yes. Luis is a despicable twit. I hate  
him too.

Pat moves faster, spurred on.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
No, you idiot, I said, 'Is it a  
receptacle tip?' Is it a receptacle tip?  
Get off me.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED.

35

PATRICK BATEMAN  
'moans'  
Is what a what?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
struggling  
Pull out

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm ignoring you.

C.U. his mouth on her breast.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(screams)  
Pull out, goddamnit!

PATRICK BATEMAN  
What do you want, Courtney?

He pulls away and she sits up against the headboard.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It's a plain end. I think.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Turn the light on.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Oh Jesus. I'm going home.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Patrick, turn on the light.

He turns on the Tizio halogen, pointing it towards his crotch.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It's a plain end, see? So?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Take it off.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Why?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Because you have to leave half an inch at the tip...to catch the force of the ejaculate!

She pulls an Hermes comforter over her breasts.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm getting out of here. Where's your lithium?

CONTINUED



CONTINUED. (2)

36

She throws a pillow over her head and mumbles something, retreating into a fetal position. Starting to cry

PATRICK BATEMAN

Where is your lithium, Courtney? You must take some.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

No, no, no-

PATRICK BATEMAN

What? What did you say? Where? You are crying now and though it sounds clearer to me I still cannot hear a word you're saying. (screams) Now speak up!

She mumbles. Pat pulls the pillow from her head and slaps her once, violently across the face.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

(screams back)

Do you think you're turning me on by having unsafe sex?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh Christ, this really isn't worth it.

He plays with the condom.

PATRICK BATEMAN

And see, Courtney, it's there for what? Huh? Tell us?

He slaps her again.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Why is it pulled down half an inch? So it can catch the force of the ejaculate!

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

(hysterical)

Well, it's not a turn on for me. I have a promotion coming to me. I'm going to Barbados and I don't want a case of Kaposi's sarcoma to fuck it up! Oh god I just want to wear my bikini, a Norma Kamali bikini from Bergdorf's.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(grabbing her)

See? Happy? You dumb bitch? Are you happy?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

(sobs)

Oh god just get it over with.

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

Courtney falls back down on the bed. They start to have sex again.

36 EXT. BROADWAY IN THE SEVENTIES - SAME

36

Patrick stoned out, walks down Broadway past the Indian. A GIRL, 14, dressed in micro skimpy clothes walks past Pat. The music blaster she's carrying plays Madonna's *Like A Prayer* song, "Life is a mystery everyone must stand alone." People on the street seemingly move to the slow beats of the song. He enters the video store.

37 INT. VIDEO STORE - SAME

37

Pat drops his return tapes in a box - *She-Male Reformatory*, and *Naked Knocked Up & Nailed*.

He looks between racks marked "PORN" and "HORROR." Angle on the *Bloodhungry* video. BOBO the clown is on the cover. "Some clowns make you laugh, and some make you cry but Bobo will make you die, and then he'll eat you." Angle on the *Body Double* video box.

FLASH CUT TO:

38 INT. STOCK SHOT BODY DOUBLE - HOUSE - 1984 - NIGHT

38

An INDIAN kills the FEMALE VICTIM with his long power drill, impaling her on the floor. The ceiling from the floor below shows the drill boring through with a flood of blood.

CUT BACK TO

39 INT. VIDEO STORE - SAME

39

At the check-out counter a GIRL types *Bloodhungry*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Body Double*, and Patrick's membership number into the computer.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I like the part in *Body Double* where the woman...gets drilled. And the blood starts dripping out of the ceiling. It doesn't get any better than that.

GIRL

Sign here.

He stares at a red Lamborghini parked outside the video store. The young girl from before returns blasting an acapella and string mix of the same Madonna song, "Life is a mystery, everyone must stand alone."

40 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT LOBBY MAILROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

40

Patrick opens his mailbox. Angle on Patrick's mail as he shuffles through - American Express bill, Polo catalogue, Playboy magazine, club invitations, BJ magazine.

INT PATRICK S APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - SAME

41

He enters the elevator. Pat presses the Tenth Floor. "Door Close." buttons.

Before the doors shut TOM CRUISE gets in and presses PH. They're wearing the same sunglasses.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I thought you were very fine in Bartender. I thought it was quite a good movie, and Top Gun too. I really thought that was good.

TOM CRUISE

It was Cocktail.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Pardon?

TOM CRUISE

(softly)

Cocktail. Not Bartender. The film was called Cocktail.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh yeah...Right, Cocktail.

Pat holds out his hand. The elevator cables strain.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Hi. Pat Bateman.

Cruise tentatively shakes it. Nods.

PATRICK BATEMAN

So...Cocktail. That's the name.

TOM CRUISE

Uh...your nose is bleeding.

Embarrassed, Pat touches his nose, sees the blood on his fingers. He takes out a Polo handkerchief and wipes the blood away.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(laughs)

Must be the altitude. We're up so high.

Cruise nods, says nothing, looks up to the numbers.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm a big fan. It's really good to finally meet you.

TOM CRUISE

Oh yeah, right.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

The tenth floor, Pat's floor, lights up.

Pat steps out. Tom jabs the "Close Door" button.

42 INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM - 4 A.M. - SAME NIGHT

42

O.S. Sirens from a fleet of police cars and an ambulance awaken Evelyn. Groggily she walks to her window. Parts the heavy curtains. Looks out on her street. The police cars flash red and white lights across her face.

Rushing to the door she throws on her red velvet bathrobe and gold crested slippers.

43 EXT. OUTSIDE EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - SAME

43

On her brownstone stoop she sees that the street is cordoned off on both ends by the police. Six police cars jam the block. An ambulance waits.

EVELYN RICHARDS

What's happened?

BODY BAG MAN

There's been a murder.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Who? Who's been killed?

44 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE PIERCE & PIERCE - MORNING

44

Patrick sits at his desk pretending to ignore Jean, failing to lower his sunglasses. She stands before him with a file in her hand.

JEAN

Patrick, you have that meeting to attend at eleven.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes? Is that it?

JEAN

Mr. Grouchy today.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes, you simpleton, I am Mr. Grouchy today.

Timidly, she places a file on his desk. Pat grabs the Fisher account file, shoves it into the top desk drawer, locks it.

\*

JEAN

Ted Madison called and so did Spencer. They want to meet you at Fluties at six.

CONTINUED:

44

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(glaring)  
Well, what should you do?

JEAN  
(laughs)  
I'm not sure.

Pat stands up and leads her out of his office.

JEAN  
Just...say...no?

He nods, pushing her out, slamming the door.

Pat takes two blue valiums and with the rest of the Perrier he washes his face.

E.C.U. on three drops of Visine falling onto the pupil of his eye, the redness dissolves in time-lapse.

45 INT. CASUAL QUILTED GIRAFFE RESTAURANT - EVENING

45

Patrick's finger presses into the cooked rabbit flesh, cut in the shape of a star surrounded by starfish, caviar, and sea anemones. Then, he reaches under the table and grabs Evelyn's thigh, wiping his hand off, as caviar eggs mush into her skin. He smiles seductively at her.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
I couldn't deal with the office today.  
Where were you last night?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I had to return some videos.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
I wanted to come over, I was scared. I still am. Can't you see it in my face?...Seriously, I'm quite terrified...I'm shaking.

She holds out her petite trembling hands.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Just like a leaf, I'm shaking. Mia my facialist said I was tense. I ran to the Carlyle.

She looks down at her hands again.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well, you couldn't have come over anyway because your neighbor's head was in my freezer.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN RICHARDS

Very funny Patrick. Can we change the subject please? ... know ... Jayne Simpson's wedding gown? It was beautiful. Ralph Lauren. The reception afterwards was covered by the Post, god knows why.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I heard there was a two drink minimum.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Weddings are so romantic. You know Patrick, the ring you give me should be an e or d grade diamond. Our wedding was to be a sit down dinner for five hundred. No, excuse me, seven hundred and fifty. With chocolate truffles everywhere. Patrick, what are you going to wear?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I would wear expensive Ray-Bans. In fact I would require that everyone would have to wear expensive Ray-Bans.

EVELYN RICHARDS

My father wouldn't wear sunglasses

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'd want to bring a Kalashnikov AK-47 assault rifle to the ceremony with a thirty round magazine so after thoroughly blowing your fat mother's head off with it I could use it on that fag brother of yours. The Kalashnikov somehow reminds me of...Stoli.

She takes a deep breath and, dewey-eyed, touches his hand.

Her index fingernail rubs a cut on his thumb.

EVELYN RICHARDS

We should do it soon. I want to live with you Patrick. You know. Every day.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Evelyn? Is your Kir spiked?

EVELYN RICHARDS

I can't wait till next year.

PATRICK BATEMAN

We're waiting.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Why?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Because...trying to fuck you is  
like...trying to french kiss a very small  
and...lively gerbil

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Yes...And?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
With braces.

6 INT LIMOUSINE CORNER WASHINGTON AND THIRTEENTH - 5 A M

46

The meat packing district. Prowling for prostitutes from the back seat of his limo. Pat swallows a white Halcion pill and a yellowish Ecstasy capsule with J&B.

The one he likes is standing in front of four-foot-tall red block letters painted on the side of an abandoned warehouse, spelling the word - M E A T.

The limousine cruises up alongside the GIRL. Pale and thin, bleached blond hair, very young, very white. She barely registers the limo. When the window opens, she lingers casually, smiles, looks away.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I haven't seen you around here.

WHITE GIRL  
You just haven't been looking.

Pat flicks the light on so that she can see his face. She sees Pat's gazelleskin wallet full of hundreds as he reaches in for one.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Would you like to see my apartment?

WHITE GIRL  
I'm not supposed to go to a, um, residence.

She notices the two hundred-dollar bills Pat holds out to her. She looks at a bum shuffling by, no shoes. Checks across the street. Takes the bills.

WHITE GIRL  
I can make an exception.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Do you take American Express?

Pat turns the light off. She stares at him through a wall of darkness.

46 CONTINUED:

46

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm joking. Come on, get in

He pushes the door open for her and guides her into the back seat of the darkened limousine, slamming the door, then locking it.

47 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - SAME

47

With a phone cradled on his shoulder, he grinds white and blue Halcion tablets and mixes the powder into two glasses of red wine. A *Les Miserables* CD is playing on the stereo.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Make sure she's a blonde. I can't stress this enough...

48 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

48

Patrick hands a glass of the tainted wine to the girl, who is now in the bathtub. She sips the wine as Patrick gets closer to her.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I don't want to know your name. I want you to respond only when I call you CHRISTIE. Is that clear Christie? My name is Marcus and you are Christie.

She nods. Pat pours some expensive red, herb-scented bath oil into the tub.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
That's a very nice chardonnay you're drinking.

He squeezes her breast.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I want you to clean yourself.

She stares at him, shrugs.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Get on your knees. I want to watch. You have a very nice body.

She kneels on all fours. He moves towards her and strokes her back nearing her bottom. She looks up at him and sighs. He probes more so, she gasps looking for her reflection in the red water. Her breathing gets heavier.

O.S. The door buzzer rings. Pat gets up.

49 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT DOORWAY - SAME

49

This PROSTITUTE is not a blonde, her hair is more a mousey brown. This is an initial shock for Pat.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You're not a blonde

SABRINA  
I'm dirty-blond. You alright?

She takes off her coat revealing a hardbody. Cautiously, Patrick hands her a glass of wine and leads her into the living room.

41

50

INT. LIVINGROOM - SAME

Christie comes in wearing a robe, hair slicked back. Patrick positions her next to SABRINA on the couch, in front of the Baselitz painting of four men, one with two heads, screaming.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
So, do you want to know what I do?

They stare at him with fixed smiles, glance at each other.

CHRISTIE  
(quietly)  
No.

SABRINA  
No, not really.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(irritated)  
Well, I work on Wall Street, at Pierce & Pierce...Have you heard of it?

SABRINA  
Is it connected with Mays...or Macy's?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Mays?

SABRINA  
Yeah. A shoe outlet? Isn't P&P a shoe store?

Pat stares at her, hard.

CHRISTIE  
You have a really nice place here...Marcus

Christie stands up to admire the stereo, and hundreds of CD's. She sees a wall of videos labelled - "Real Life Rambos," "Henry Lee Lucas Interview," "John Wayne Gacy Interview," "Richard Ramirez Interview," "Ed Gein Interview," "Cannibalism," "The Descendents of the Donner Family," "Dwarf Tossing."

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

50

CHRISTIE

...How much did you pay for it?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Actually, none of your business, Christie, but I can assure you it certainly wasn't cheap.

Sabrina takes out a pack of cigarettes from her handbag.

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, no smoking. Not in here.

She smiles slipping the cigarette back into her handbag. Patrick offers Christie chocolate truffles from a tray.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Varda truffle? Evelyn's favorite.

Christie stares blankly then shakes her head. He moves over to Sabrina, who takes one. He notices that Sabrina's glass is full.

PATRICK BATEMAN

That's a very fine chardonnay you're not drinking.

He motions to Christie to get back on the couch, which she does.

PATRICK BATEMAN

So have either of you been abroad?  
(realizing how that sounds)  
I mean to Europe?

Both treat this like it's a secret signal, looking at each other, then shaking their heads.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Did either of you go to college, and if so, where?

The answer from both girls is a barely contained glare.

51 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM PORN-MONTAGE VIDEO - SAME

51

Shot in the style of the porno-flicks that he rents. The accompanying music is a repetitive, Carlos Santana-like lead guitar. Pat wears Nike sneakers. Sabrina a charmeuse teddy, Christie suede gloves.

E.C.U. on the girls tongue-kissing.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

The girls' silver tongues kiss the crimson-rimmed caves of each other's mouths.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

51

C U. on Pat licking both girls' breasts.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.  
CONT'D)

His fiery tongue licks their cherry  
nipples.

He tears the thin side string of Sabrina's undies.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.  
CONT'D)

Sabrina arches like a contortionist...  
gives the green light.

Patrick mounts her.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.  
CONT'D)

He presses his mighty friend into her  
horny harbor like a launched firework.

Sabrina gasps.

Christie pulls Pat off Sabrina and quickly lowers herself  
onto him

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)  
Christie can't wait. Explodes, begging  
for mercy.

Patrick freezes, closes his eyes, opens his mouth, climaxes.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT PATRICK'S BEDROOM - ONE HOUR LATER

52

Asleep, one blonde, one dirty-blond lie naked on either side  
of Patrick. Christie moves in her sleep and touches  
Patrick's wrist near the Rolex. Startled, his eyes open.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Don't touch the Rolex.

Sabrina still half asleep strokes his abdominals as they  
tense visibly.

He stands, walks over to the armoire, opens it. He picks up  
a sharpened coat hanger, a rusty butter knife, an "I Love  
N Y." lighter (with a red heart on it), a half-smoked cigar.  
He turns around holding these items out and in a hoarse  
whisper speaks.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
We're not through yet...

53 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT DOOR - LATER 53

Patrick impatiently shuffles them to the front door. They are dressed, sobbing, limping.

Christie has a terrible black eye.

Sabrina's leg has some slashes.

Patrick steers them out, shoving hundreds of dollars into Christie's hand, gently closing the door.

54 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE 54

Full frame on the television - The Patty Winters Show.

INSERT ON split screen still photos of Ted Bundy, and of Carole, super-impose title 'CONFESSED KILLERS IN LOVE.'

PATTY WINTERS  
(holding letter)

Dear Carole, Please do not sit in the same row in court with Janet. When I look over toward you there she sits contemplating me with her mad eyes like a deranged seagull studying a clam...I can feel her spreading hot sauce on me already...

Watching TV. Patrick in a daze on the bed.

Pan across a bloodstained Kleenex lying crumpled on a night table by the side of the bed along with an empty carton of italian seasoning salt and a car battery wired to small alligator clips.

55 INT. THE ROYALTON HOTEL LOBBY BAR OCTOBER 31, 1988, HALLOWEEN 55  
- NIGHT

Patrick attends as a mass murderer, complete with a sign on his back that reads, "MASS MURDERER," and beneath those words written in blood, "Yep, that's me." His suit is sprinkled with blood, a chunk of hair with scalp is safety pinned to his lapel. On the other lapel is a loose finger with a cheap ring. Around his neck is a bone necklace. Beside him is Evelyn dressed as a street prostitute, some fake bruises added.

Pat walks away from Evelyn, cruising up to Courtney.

He slow dances with Courtney dressed as Cher in a long fake wig. Her dress is Cher's Bob Mackie from the Academy Awards. They dance to *Wichcraft* sung by Sinatra.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Stay away from Luis. He suspects something.

CONTINUED

55

PATRICK BATEMAN

Like what? That two plus two equals four?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

Don't have lunch with him next week at the Yale Club.

A photographer takes their photo illuminating them with a blinding flash.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You look voluptuous tonight.

He touches her neck, runs his finger over her chin, until it reaches the bottom lip.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

I'm not kidding.

Angle on Luis - as Sonny Bono in a lambswool vest with a sherriff's star, tapestry patterned shirt, tweed hiphuggers - dancing with Evelyn. Luis waves. Patrick returns a thumbs up.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

(to herself)

What a dork.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Listen, I'm leaving. Why don't you go dancing with the receptacle tip?

He stops dancing, turning away. She grips his arm.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

Where are you going?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Courtney, I don't want to experience another one of your emotional outbursts...besides the canapes are shitty.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE

Where are you going? Details Mr. Bateman. You're not going to Evelyn's are you? Patrick, don't leave me here.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I have to return some video tapes.

Another photographer's camera flashes somewhere.

EXT. ROYALTON HOTEL - LATER

56

He walks out of the Royalton past a pair of CLOWNS. Paul Owen dressed as a bum steps out of a limo. Pat gives him a

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

hateful look. Pat carries a cup filled with gold Cross pens, and a sign that reads: "Help me I'm blind."

PAT BATES  
A pen? Marcus?

Pat grabs a pen and walks on past a SKELETON

57 EXT. FORTY-FIFTH STREET - LATER

Patrick passes a group of three GHOSTS - white sheets. C.U. on Pat's blood splattered gold Rolex, stopped at 11:30. He taps it.

58 EXT. FORTY-SIXTH STREET - LATER

Patrick walks along a deserted street. Angle on a torn playbill from *Les Miserables* tumbling past him on the sidewalk. Angle on the moon, pale and low, hanging down over the street.

A street light burns out, emitting a hissing sound. Steam rises from below the street billowing up in tendrils, almost covering Pat.

As the steam clears he sees a BUM, a black man, lying in the doorway of an abandoned antique store, surrounded by bags of garbage, a shopping cart, newspapers, bottles and cans.

A sign reads "I AM HUNGRY AND HOMELESS, PLEASE HELP ME."

A DOG is tied by a makeshift leash to the grocery cart. his name plate reads GIZMO.

Pat passes the bum, then decides to return, stands over him, blocking out the light from a street lamp, covering him in shadow.

The bum is very drunk. His eyes can't even focus as Pat kneels down. Pat offers his hand and the dog licks it.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Hello, Pat Bateman...You want some money?  
Some...food?

The bum nods and starts to cry thankfully. Pat reaches for a ten, then changes his mind and holds out a five instead.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Is this what you need?

BUM  
I'm so hungry...I haven't had food for so long, I've...I've forgotten what it tastes like.

He convulses and looks away embarrassed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PATRICK BATEMAN

Don't worry, it still tastes the same  
if you're so hungry why don't you get a  
job?

BUM

(sobs)

I lost my job...

PATRICK BATEMAN

Why? Were you drinking? Is that why you  
lost it? Insider trading? Just joking.  
No, really - were you drinking on the  
job?

BUM

I was fired, I was laid off. I'm so  
hungry.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Did you get forced out of your job by  
some prick who was better than you?  
Someone else always get the really big  
deals?

BUM

He got everything. I got nothing.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You could have succeeded.

BUM

But I couldn't do it.

Pat puts the briefcase on the sidewalk. The five still in  
his hand.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Gee, uh, that's too bad.

BUM

I'm not...I...I

PATRICK BATEMAN

Sometimes you only get one chance to do  
it. To make something of yourself.  
Sometimes there's only one opportunity  
and two men. Do you think it's fair to  
take money from someone who works?  
Listen, what's your name?

BUM

Al.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Speak up. Come on.

(a little louder)

You've got a negative attitude. That's  
what's stopping you. You've got to get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 1)

PATRICK BATEMAN (cont'd)  
 your act together. I'll help you...It's  
 okay...do you know how bad you smell?  
 (whispers soothingly,  
 stroking his face,  
 The stench...my god. You reek...You reek  
 of shit.  
 (pets the dog)  
 Do you know that? Goddamnit. Al - look  
 at me and stop crying.  
 (rage building, Pat closes  
 his eyes)  
 Al...I'm sorry. It's just that...I don't  
 know. I don't have anything in common  
 with you.

Pat puts the five dollar bill back in his pocket. The bum  
 cries very hard.

Pat takes his hand off the dog, reaches into his pocket and  
 pulls out a long thin carving knife with a serrated edge.

The bum opens his mouth and moves a mittened hand slowly up  
 to his face.

Pat's blade attacks with one movement - blade into his right  
 eye. Macro C.U. of brown iris, as the knife cuts into it,  
 popping the retina.

He tosses him a coin.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 There's a quarter. Go buy some gum.

A taxi approaches. Pat slowly walks away from the bum, his  
 face covered in blood. Moaning in agony.

59 EXT. BROADWAY AND FORTY-EIGHTH STREET - SAME

59

Rounding the corner, Pat bumps into a Korean fruit stand.  
 Scoots into a Popeye's Chicken.

60 INT. POPEYE S CHICKEN - SAME

60

The Popeye's is all yellow and red. Popeye's chicken logos  
 everywhere. The clump of scalp, the bone necklace, the  
 finger attached to his lapel, Al's blood, look totally real  
 under the fluorescent franchise lights.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 Three vanilla milk shakes...extra thick.  
 -No. Chocolate.

The PUERTO RICAN GUY helping him knows something's wrong. A  
 WAITRESS fixes the shakes. Pat notices an OLD CRAZY WOMAN  
 with Tourette's Syndrome in a booth cursing. Two police  
 cars pass by in slow-mo, looking in through the windows, the  
 cops making eye contact with Patrick.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED.

60

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

I thought I'd go somewhere Al would go.  
Al wouldn't come here, really. He isn't  
into chicken or even eating...no matter  
how crispy the skin is

The Puerto Rican guy behind the counter stares Pat down,  
smoking a cigarette. He hands Pat the Popeye's chocolate  
snakes. A black CRACK DEALER comes in shivering, runny nose.

61 INT. YALE CLUB - 6:30 DRINKS - NIGHT

61

Van Patten, Craig McDermott, and Patrick with his Hoffritz  
bag sit in the enormous gothic room beneath a vaulted  
ceiling. Luis Carruthers is five tables away drinking scotch  
with someone.

DAVID VAN PATTEN

I didn't know Evelyn lived next door to  
Virginia Bell.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You know, according to Bruce Boyer-

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Wait. Is he with Morgan Stanley?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, he's not with Morgan Stanley.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

(suspiciously)

Wasn't he a serial killer?

(moans)

Don't tell me he was another serial  
killer, Bateman. Not another serial  
killer.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(pissed off)

No, McDufus, he wasn't a serial killer.  
(turning to McDermott) That really  
pisses me off.

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Bateman, you know you're a morose  
bastard. You should stop reading all  
those Ted Bundy biographies.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT

It's a little tasteless considering I  
knew Virginia Bell since kindergarten.  
But you always bring them up in this  
casual sort of way. I mean, now  
particularly, I don't need to be  
enlightened about Son of Sam or the  
fucking Hillside Strangler or Ted Bundy  
or Featherhead, for god's sake.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED.

61

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
Featherhead? Who's Featherhead? He  
sounds exceptionally dangerous.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(through clenched teeth)  
He means Leatherface. He was the  
patriarchal old ghoul in Texas Chainsaw  
Massacre.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
Oh, of course.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
And he was exceptionally dangerous.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
And now okay, go on. Bruce Boyer, what  
did he do? Let's see - skin them alive?  
Starve 'em to death? Run them over?  
Feed them to the dogs? What?  
Decapitation?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Bruce Boyer was the author of *Elegance:  
A Guide To Quality In Menswear*. His  
theory remains we shouldn't be restricted  
from wearing a sweater vest with a suit.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
Remember with a regular vest the last  
button should be undone.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
How did you get Featherhead from  
Leatherface?

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
Avoid matching the vest's pattern with  
your socks or tie.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(stammering)  
I thought you hadn't read...read this  
book.

CRAIG MCDERMOTT  
Ah, cheer up, Bateman. It came back to  
me. (slaps him on the back then massages  
his neck) What's the matter? No shiatsu  
this morning?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Keep touching me like this and you'll  
draw back a stump.

Craig and David laugh and give each other a high-five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

61

From another couch Luis Carruthers looks over at Pat. Luis stands up and exits the area towards the men's room. Pat getting up:

PATRICK BATEMAN

I just want everyone to know that I'm pro-family and anti-drugs. If you'll excuse me.

Pat heads towards the men's room, pensive.

2 INT. YALE CLUB MEN'S ROOM - SAME

62

Looking at his reflection in a mirror, Pat slides on a pair of leather Armani gloves.

Pat turns. All the stalls are empty, except for Luis'. The door is slightly ajar.

Luis whistles a melody from *Les Miserables*.

Pat's hands circle Luis' neck, index fingers touching just above his adam's apple.

The sound of urine hitting water abruptly stops. Pat tightens his grip but it's still loose enough for Luis to turn and face Pat.

Luis' eyelids flutter then widen.

Pat tenses up harder.

Luis doesn't struggle. Instead he looks down at Pat's wrist and kisses it. His expression is shy, awkward. His hand tenderly touches the side of Pat's face.

LUIS CARRUTHERS

God, Patrick, why here?

Luis plays with Pat's hair, a love struck grin on his face. Pat tries squeezing harder and can't do it. Pat releases him.

LUIS CARRUTHERS

I've seen you looking at me, I've noticed your...hot body...

(he tries to kiss Pat)

Pat stumbles back into the stall, in a rage.

LUIS CARRUTHERS

(whispers)

I want you...too.

C.U. on Luis' unzipped pants. Pat runs out of the stall.

At the sink Pat washes his hands with gloves on. Luis nears.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED:

61

LUIS CARRUTHERS  
 (whispering from behind)  
 You don't know how long I've wanted  
 you...Ever since that Christmas party at  
 The Milk Bar...You know the one, you were  
 wearing that red striped paisley Armani  
 tie

Pat runs out of the men's room. From the men's room doorway:

LUIS CARRUTHERS  
 I'll call you.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 (shouts)  
 I haven't worn that paisley tie for  
 nearly four years, Luis.

63 EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE AND SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET - NIGHT

63

Pat turns onto Sixty-Seventh Street, checking out his gloved  
 fingers stretched out in front of him. He sees his  
 reflection in the black windows of a parked limousine.

Coming slowly towards him is an OLD QUEER wearing a cashmere  
 turtleneck, felt hat, walking a white SHARPEI. The Sharpei  
 stops in front of Pat to sniff at a tree, a garbage bag.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 (leans in)  
 Nice dog.

The dog growls.

OLD QUEER  
 (glares at the dog)  
Richard.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 It's okay. It's a sharpei, right?

Pat pets the dog.

OLD QUEER  
 (lisps)  
 No. Shar-pei.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 (tries it the same way)  
 Shar-pei.

OLD QUEER  
 (laughs flirtatiously)  
 No. Shar-pei.

/CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 (stands up grinning  
 boyishly)  
 Well, whatever. It's a beautiful animal!

OLD QUEER  
 Well, he costs a fortune. You wouldn't  
 believe it. You see the bags around its  
 eyes have to be lifted every two years  
 so we have to go all the way down to Key  
 West - which has the only vet I really  
 trust in the world - and a little snip, a  
 little tuck, and Richard can see  
 splendidly once again, can't you baby?

C.U. on Sharpei's face looking from one to the other

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 Well, he looks great.

OLD QUEER  
 (tentative)  
 Listen, I really hate to ask this. Oh  
 gosh, this is so silly. You look really  
 familiar.  
 (chuckling)  
 Are you a model? I could swear I've seen  
 you in a magazine or something.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 No, I'm not. But I'm flattered.

OLD QUEER  
 Well, you look just like a movie star. I  
 don't know.  
 (whispers to himself)  
 Oh stop it silly, you're embarrassing  
 yourself.

Pat leans down into the darkness and pulls out a knife with a  
 serrated blade.

Pat lifts the dog.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
 What did you pay for the dog?

Patrick, still smiling, slits the dog's throat. E.C.U.  
 Sharpei's eyes glazing over.

OLD QUEER  
 Oh my god, oh my god.

Patrick drops limp dog to the ground.

Pat swings around and knifes the man. Blood splatters onto  
 the hood of a BMW 750i1 setting off its alarm. He grips  
 Pat's arm with all his strength, then folds to his knees.  
 His grip goes slack. Angle on blood and concrete

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED. (2)

63

Pat's shoe slides in a blood puddle. Sound of running.

64 INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE. DECEMBER 16, 1988 - NIGHT

64

*Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer* sung by the Ronnettes is on the CD player.

Blue spruces with twinkling red lights stand on either side of the fireplace and red candles have been lit everywhere in silver candelabras. The WAITERS, dwarfs dressed in red and green elf suits and felt hats, are carrying trays of appetizers. Beluga by the bucket. Chocolate truffles are everywhere.

Evelyn, wearing a sable jacket, red velvet pants, rushes up to Patrick. In one hand she's holding a piece of mistletoe, which she places above his head, and in the other hand a candy cane.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Mistletoe alert! Merry Christmas,  
Patrick.

She kisses him on the cheek. A group of ELVES approach with trays of hors d'oeuvres and champagne flutes, surrounding them.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Merry...Christmas.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Don't you think it's Christmasy? They're  
elves, Santa's helpers. Look at them.  
They're adorable.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Evelyn, it's very Christmasy and I'm  
being truthful.

EVELYN RICHARDS

(whining)

But Mr. Grinch was late.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You know, Evelyn, there were a lot of  
other Christmas parties in this  
metropolis that I could have attended  
tonight yet I chose yours. I'm here, so  
be, you know, grateful babe.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Oh, so this is my Christmas present? How  
sweet, Patrick, how thoughtful. Excuse  
me, I need a drink.

Paul Owen is standing near the bar holding a champagne flute. Patrick moves through the crowd, grabbing a martini off a passing ELF's tray, merrily holding out his other hand. Owen and Pat shake.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED.

64

PAUL OWEN

Marcus' Merry Christmas how've you  
been?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Haven't seen you in a while.

PAUL OWEN

We just got back from the Knickerbocker  
Club, Halberstam.

(he greets someone who bumps  
into him)

- Hey Kinsley - we're going to Nell's.  
Limo's out front.

PATRICK BATEMAN

We should have dinner.

PAUL OWEN

Well Marcus, let's do it. Bring Cecelia.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Cecelia? Yes, we could go to...Le  
Bernardin...

PAUL OWEN

Hey, Meredith's talking to Cecelia over  
there. - Meredith, come here.

Paul waves to her. MEREDITH comes over with Evelyn who Owen  
thinks is Cecelia.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh Christ.

MEREDITH

Yes boys? What are you two talking  
about? Making up Christmas lists?

PAUL OWEN

Sea urchins.

Meredith drapes her arm over Patrick's shoulder, right near a  
scratch on Pat's neck, flirty.

MEREDITH

My favorite topic. They're fabulous at  
Le Bernardin.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Your favorite thing is my favorite thing.

PAUL OWEN

(to Evelyn)

Cecelia, darling, I'd like to know what  
is that serving the eggnog?

CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(laughing)

That's a Christmas Elf. And, Patrick,  
he's the Grinch.

Patrick checks Paul Owen's face to see if he noticed her call him by his name. Paul didn't notice. No one notices anything.

Pat grabs the parsley off of a passing tray of feathers and pheasant that an elf is carrying and holds it over Evelyn.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well, Cecelia. Mistletoe alert.

Pat kisses her on the lips while looking at Paul and Meredith. Paul and Meredith stare at him strangely.

Out of the corner of his eye, Pat's POV - Courtney enters the room talking to Luis. A set of antlers on his head. Courtney looks into Patrick's eyes, hatefully while he's kissing Evelyn. He breaks off the kiss with Evelyn.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
On Pat-

Patrick twists Evelyn's arm as he talks to Owen and Meredith.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Excuse us. Cecelia and I have something we have to talk to that uh, elf about. actually a...small matter really. Come on Cecelia.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(to Paul and Meredith)  
I'm so sorry.  
(to Pat)  
Patrick, what is going on?

Patrick maneuvers Evelyn into the kitchen, pecking her cautiously on the lips.

65 INT EVELYN'S KITCHEN - SAME

65

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Patrick, what are we doing in the kitchen? Why am I supposed to call you Marcus? Why are you calling me Cecelia? Patrick? You're precipitating a panic attack. I cannot-

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I want to take you away from all this.

An ELF walks into the kitchen, setting down a tray of dirty plates, and past him over him, Pat can see Courtney walk up to Paul Owen, kissing him on the cheek, their hands firmly clasped.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Pat grabs Evelyn. The elf sticks around cleaning.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
From all what?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
From this - sushi and Elves and stuff.  
Marcus Halberstam isn't here? Is he?  
Did you invite that shithead?

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Patrick, you're confusing me, and I don't  
appreciate it.

He pulls her roughly toward the back door.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Let's go. For just once in your life,  
Evelyn, be daring... MKS. Bateman?

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(she loves the sound of it)  
Oh Patrick.  
(pause)  
But what about the clean up?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
The midgets'll do it.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
But someone has to oversee it, honey.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
So choose an elf.  
(pointing)  
Make that one over there the elf  
overseer.

Evelyn weakens.

6 EXT. FRONT EVELYN'S BROWNSTONE - SAME

65

Police lines are still up around the brownstone next door  
where Virginia Bell was decapitated. A row of limousines are  
parked, running. They make a run for the closest one. Pat  
opens the door and pushes Evelyn in.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(squeals)  
Patrick, this is so naughty. And a limo?

Pat slams the door and goes up to the driver in the front  
seat, taps on his window.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Listen, Mr. Owen says we can take his  
car. I'm Pat Bate- I mean, Marcus  
Halberstam.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED.

DRIVER  
Yeah? And I'm Donald Trump  
(sticking out his hand)  
Ivana s in the back.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Look, Mr. Owen said I could take his car  
for the night. Shit, here's a hundred.

Pat peels off a C-note.

DRIVER  
Two.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
This city sucks.

Muttering, Pat hands over two.

DRIVER  
(starting engine)  
Where do you want to-

PATRICK BATEMAN  
The World. Avenue C and East Hous-

DRIVER  
(cuts Pat off)  
I know where it is.

57 INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

67

Pat hops in next to Evelyn. He notices she's silent for once, lip trembling, on the verge of tears. The Milli Vanilli tune *Girl You Know It's True* lightly plays.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
What happened?

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Oh, Patrick, it's lovely. I don't know  
what to say.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well...I don't...either?

She holds up a diamond necklace from Tiffany's, Meredith's present from Owen. The limo pulls into traffic.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
You're not the Grinch honey. Oh help me  
put it on, darling.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Uh, Evelyn.

She turns for his help in clasping the thing. Pat curses beneath his breath. It sparkles on her, a small fortune.

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

67

EVELYN RICHARDS

It's lovely. I love it. Thank you.  
Thank you.

She kisses him enthusiastically.

PATRICK BATEMAN

But... that's not it

EVELYN RICHARDS

What's not it, honey? Oh, honey. You  
have something else for me?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, I mean-

Evelyn playfully grabs at his coat, checking each pocket for more diamonds. A Ralph Lauren label shows. She pulls out a good sized gravity-knife. Uninterested, she drops it. Pat holds his suit jacket closed, trying to push her hands away.

EVELYN RICHARDS

What's this? Come on, you devil. Come  
on, what is it?

PATRICK BATEMAN

(more annoyed)

What is what?

EVELYN RICHARDS

You've got something else. Let me guess.  
A ring to match? A matching bracelet? A  
brooch? Is that it? It's a matching  
brooch?

She grabs something out of his pocket. C.U. on her find - a fortune cookie with a lot of blood on it. She stares at it for a moment.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Patrick, you're so...romantic,  
so...original.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh, you know me...

She cracks it open excitedly and eats a piece of the bloodied cookie. C.U. on the fortune. It's illegible, covered in blood.

EVELYN RICHARDS

I can't read the fortune. Patrick, what  
does it say?

Pat forcibly pushes her back.

68 INT. THE WORLD - SAME

68

The Beastie Boys performing *Fight For Your Right To Party*. Broken glass and beer flying into the crowd.

Patrick is buying drugs from a KID. BETHANY, 28, taps Pat on the shoulder.

BETHANY

Patrick...

He turns, stunned.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Bethany?

BETHANY

Patrick how are you?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Um, Well...I'm fine. You?

BETHANY

Really well, thanks.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Are you living here?

(gulping)

In Manhattan?

BETHANY

Yes, I'm at Millbank Tweed...You're still at P&P right?...You look great.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yeah, well, you know.

BETHANY

What about lunch some time?

PATRICK BATEMAN

What could be more fun?

Just then Evelyn crosses into view with two glasses of champagne.

EVELYN RICHARDS

(irritated, to Pat)

It's Korbel.

(loudly)

Let's leave.

BETHANY

(smiling at Patrick)

I'll call you.

Evelyn gives Bethany the once over as she leaves.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Is that Bethany from Harvard, or  
Radcliffe? Or whatever she was?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I don't know.

He watches Bethany exit the club.

69 INT. CLUB REST ROOM - THE WORLD - SAME

69

ANOTHER COUPLE, along with Pat and Evelyn, are impatiently waiting for the only stall. Sniffling and muted laughter from the stall. The GUY waiting - Italian - is tapping his foot. His GIRL keeps sighing and tossing her hair over her shoulder with jerky head movements. The couple in the stall walk out wiping their noses, checking themselves in the mirror before splitting.

Patrick blocks the entrance to the stall with an outstretched arm.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It's, uh, our turn, you know?

ITALIAN GUY  
(mildly)  
Uh, no. I don't think so.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(under her breath)  
Patrick. Let them...you know.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Listen. I don't want to start a fight.

GIRLFRIEND  
But you are...

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Oh, my...

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(shaking his head)  
What a pitch.

GIRLFRIEND  
I can't believe they're letting in  
yuppies.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(to Italian guy)  
Your girlfriend's attitude sucks, you  
know that?

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Patrick. Stop it. We are yuppies.

(CONTINUED)

73 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - SAME 73

Pat takes Paul's keys and wallet out of Paul's jacket and pockets them. He drops the jacket on the floor.

74 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - SAME 74

E.C.U. on two baby blue pills with holes in the centers - valiums - as Pat downs them with a tumbler of red Plax mouthwash.

He puts on a Brooks Brothers raincoat already hanging on the door hook.

He takes out an ax previously stashed in the shower.

75 INT. LIVINGROOM - SAME 75

Paul Owen stands swaying, looking for a CD. He has a full wine glass. A near empty bottle is nearby.

PAUL OWEN

I used to hate Iggy Pop, but now that he's so commercial...hell, he's okay.

Pat closes the venetian blinds on all the windows. The ax under his arm.

Pat turns off the Wurlitzer.

Off balance, Paul steps backwards and lands himself in a folding chair right in the center of the livingroom. The Financial Times newspaper is spread out all over the floor beneath him.

PAUL OWEN

(slurring)

Hey Halberstam.

Pat draws nearer.

PAUL OWEN

Why are there, um, copies of the Times all over the place? Do you have a dog? A Chow or something?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, Owen. Do you know Cecelia has two vaginas and we plan to wed next Spring in East Hampton?

Owen's POV: Pat moves around until he is standing directly in Paul's line of vision. Paul is so drunk and drugged he can't even focus on the AX. The thin vertical line of the blade's edge drifts in and out of the narrow depth of focus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

75

PATRICK BATEMAN

Did you know the very fact that you  
touched Courtney Lawrence's hand makes  
you a dead man?

Owen smiles at the mention of Courtney's name.

Pat raises the ax high above his head.

Pat changes his mind.

Pat lowers the ax to his waist as if it's a baseball bat  
about to swing at an oncoming ball - which is Owen's head.

PAUL OWEN

Courtney...uhm. She gives a great blow-  
job. Not like Meredi-

The ax swings out in a blur towards Paul's head. Cutting  
Owen off mid-sentence, there is a crack followed by a hissing  
sound. Paul's eyes blink uncontrollably.

A huge red blood arc sprays across the newspaper. Splatters  
covering words and dotted faces.

As Owen dies he tears and rustles the newspapers with his  
feet in grand mal seizures.

Pat takes off the raincoat bloodied along the front, turns it  
inside out and rolls it up into a bundle.

EXT. PAT'S BUILDING CENTRAL PARK WEST - SAME NIGHT

76

With some difficulty Pat drags the stiff red sleeping bag  
(containing Owen's body) out the front door, right up behind  
the DOORMAN of his building. An ambulance, siren going,  
whizzes by.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I need a taxi.

DOORMAN

Sure, Mr. Barry-

PATRICK BATEMAN

It's Bateman. Pat Bateman.

The doorman blows his whistle and steps into the street.  
ARTHUR CRYSTAL and KITTY MARTIN bump into Patrick.

ARTHUR CRYSTAL

Hey, Patrick.

Arthur stares at the sleeping bag. A taxi pulls up.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Ur...slumber party.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Interested. Kitty gives Pat the eye, with a knowing smile.

KITTY MARTIN  
Sounds cozy Patrick.

The doorman holds the taxi door open as Patrick manages to swing the sleeping bag into the back seat. It's difficult. The doorman helps. Pat gives a big smile to Kitty and Arthur.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Later.

Pat hops in. Waves to the couple. They wave.

77 INT. STAIRS HELL'S KITCHEN ARTIST'S LOFT - LATER

77

Pat drags the sleeping bag up a flight of steps, dropping the bloodied raincoat. A ROCKER holding drum sticks pushes past him up the stairs, taking two steps at a time. They exchange a look. Pat picks up the raincoat.

78 INT. BATHROOM HELL'S KITCHEN ARTIST'S LOFT - SAME

78

Pat dumps Paul's cadaver into an oversized porcelain bathtub. From O.S. the drummer is heard banging out some rhythm.

Pat strips off Owen's Abboud suit, wets the corpse down. Pours a couple gallons of hydrochloric acid, followed by two huge bags of lime. His flesh dissolves into fumes and smoke.

79 INT. OWEN'S FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME NIGHT

79

Pat lets himself in with Owen's keys. The bloodied raincoat under his arm.

80 INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT LIVINGROOM - SAME NIGHT

80

The apartment. White. Minimalist.

Still wearing gloves, he takes out a shiny black match book with DORSIA printed on it in white. He strikes a match and lights the newspaper and kindling in the fireplace. He turns up the gas. Places the match book on the mantle piece. Throws the bloodied raincoat onto the blazing fire. It burns right down to the Brooks Brothers label.

81 INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - SAME

81

Pat listens to Paul's voice on the answering machine message.

PAUL OWEN  
I can be reached on my cellular...

Pat presses fast forward.

(CONTINUED)



1 CONTINUED:

81

PAUL OWEN

...If this is Meredith I'm with Marcus  
and if you want to join us for dinner  
call me.

Pat presses message record. He imitates Paul Owen's  
Connecticut lock-jaw accent.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Sorry, I can't take your call at this  
moment as I've gone out of town to London  
on business. I can be reached probably  
at Claridge's. If not, the Connaught's  
my second choice. Please leave your  
message after the beep...and I'll get  
back to you...Meredith, I'll be in touch.

Pat opens the closet and takes out a leather suitcase. He  
unzips the suitcase and throws into it Paul's suits, ties,  
razor, receptacle tip Trojans, shoe-horn, blow-dryer,  
passport, leather currency holder, compact disc player, a  
Sharp Handy-copier, Dialmaster, IGGY POP CD, LES MIS CD.

12 INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT LOBBY - SAME NIGHT

82

The TWA unaccompanied luggage form reads, "Connaught Hotel.  
Hold for Paul Owen's arrival." Signed Paul Owen, by Pat.

Pat watches the TWA MAN take Paul Owen's suitcase out of the  
lobby.

33 EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE CASH MACHINE TRIBECA STREET - NIGHT

83

Patrick listens to a SAXOPHONIST playing the theme from *Les  
Miserables* in the doorway of an abandoned bistro. The  
saxophonist's face is that of Luis Carruthers. An open  
umbrella with a dollar in it rests on the sidewalk.

Pat takes a .357 magnum out of its holster and screws on a  
silencer.

Luis stops playing, the tip of the sax still in his mouth.

Pat nods for him to go on. Tentatively he does. Pat raises  
the gun to Luis' face and midnote pulls the trigger. The  
silencer doesn't work, the gunshot is deafening.

A squad car rolls behind Patrick. The two cops in the front  
seat are LARRY WILCOX and ERIC ESTRADA, the two cops from  
*CHIPS* the '70's TV show. A squad car siren starts wailing.

C.U. on an automated teller screen. The machine reads "Feed  
Me A Stray Cat." Blood pours out of the automated teller.

INT. COURTNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

84

In bed, Pat is shook awake by Courtney. In the background  
the cop show *CHIPS* is on TV.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Oh, god. What an awful dream.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Patrick, why do you always have those dreams?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I had an unhappy childhood.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
Listen, Patrick can we talk?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
There's nothing to say. You're going to marry Luis. Next week no less. Is it because I haven't asked you? I'll ask you now then.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
No, Patrick. It's too late now. Maybe if you had asked me a few weeks ago. But not now...You're just a little late. Anyway, sexually, he is my type.

She lights a cigarette.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I never knew you smoked.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
You never noticed.

Patrick dresses and leaves. Courtney turns the TV volume off.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(CONT'D)  
Patrick?

PATRICK BATEMAN (O.S.)  
Yes?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
If I don't see you before Valentine's Day...have a nice one.

O.S. the sound of his steps, the front door opening. At the front door Patrick stops. Looks back hopefully.

COURTNEY LAWRENCE  
(CONT'D)  
Patrick?

COURTNEY LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
(CONT'D)  
Nothing.

INT. WINDOWS OF THE WORLD RESTAURANT - LUNCHTIME

85

Up one hundred floors in one of the World Trade Center Towers. Good view. Suzanne Vega's *Luke* plays. Pat is coming apart at his lunch with Bethany. She's tipsy. His hand trembles on the table. She covers his hand with hers.

BETHANY

Calm down. Your hair is fine. Shhh.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm clam. I mean calm.

BETHANY

Are you okay, Patrick? You just twitched.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Listen. I'm frazzled...and let's face it. It's a shock to be sitting with my old girlfriend from Harvard. Don't you think it's a shock to be sitting with my old girlfriend from Harvard?

He's unable to make eye contact.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(trying to loosen up)

Oh, I almost forgot, I wrote you a poem.

BETHANY

Oh, Patrick, how sweet.

She takes the slip of letter paper. Pat fills her glass.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(looking away)

Well, you know. Read it.

His leg shakes minutely, uncontrollably.

PATRICK BATEMAN

It's like haiku, you know? Read it. Go on.

BETHANY

"The poor nigger on the wall. Look at him.

(hesitates)

Look at the poor nigger. Look at the poor nigger...on...the...wall."

PATRICK BATEMAN

Go on. Finish it.

Pat notices he's caught the COUPLE at the next table's attention.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY  
(whispers)  
"Fuck him...Fuck the nigger on the  
wall...  
(sighs)  
Black man...is...de...debil?"

The man and woman at the next table are horrified.

BETHANY  
Well, Patrick...I can see that - that  
your sense of social injustice is still  
intact.

He watches her speak but he can't hear her. Then suddenly -  
voice.

BETHANY  
-and you're at P&P?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
P&P?

BETHANY  
Why don't you just...Didn't your father  
own...P&P?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I don't want to talk about this. But  
yes, Bethany. Yes.

BETHANY  
And you still work at P&P? Why don't you  
just quit? You don't have to...

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(cutting in)  
I want to fit in. It's human.

Pat watches the waiter refill her empty wine glass.

BETHANY  
Are you seeing anyone?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No, not really. I mean does anyone  
really see anyone? Does anyone really  
see anyone else? Did you ever see me?  
See? What does that mean?

BETHANY  
But you still haven't told me-

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well, are you seeing anyone? Now?

Against her best reserve, she seals her fate.

(CONTINUED)

IS CONTINUED: (2)

BETHANY

Well, yes, I, have, a, boyfriend, and-

PATRICK BATEMAN

Who? Who is he? What s his name?

BETHANY

What?

She drinks more.

BETHANY

Robert Hall. Why?

PATRICK BATEMAN

With Salomon Brothers?

BETHANY

Patrick, he's a chef. And co-owner of a restaurant - Dorsia.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Dorsia? You're marrying him?

BETHANY

I didn't say we're marrying. Did I say that? - Weren't you and Robert friends?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Friends? Robert Hall? Scholarship student? Weak chin?

BETHANY

No, the other Robert Hall.

Pat sickens. His eyes close.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Robert Hall. Not the one whose parents own half of, like, Washington? Not the one who was captain of the crew team? Six feet?

BETHANY

Yes. That Robert Hall.

PATRICK BATEMAN

But...But he was a fag. He used to let frat guys - not the ones in my house - like, you know, gang bang him at parties and tie him up and stuff. At least, you know, that's what I've heard. Listen, Bethany, he offered me a...you know, a blow-job once. In the, um, civics section of the library.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

85

BETHANY

Oh my god. You're still the same. - I don't know if that's good or bad.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Say it's good.

BETHANY

Why? Is it? Was it? Then?

PATRICK BATEMAN

You only knew one facet of my personality. Student.

He brushes her cheek gently, runs his finger around the back of her ear.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Listen, come by my place for a drink. I have to feed my cat, and then we'll walk over to Dorsia and I'll meet Robert okay? Please?

BETHANY

Listen, Patrick, I'm sure I'd love your cat. But...we're older now...I shouldn't have had that wine at lunch.

The bill arrives. Bethany quickly puts her credit card down on the \$189.24 bill. The WAITRESS takes it.

PATRICK BATEMAN

The Women's Movement. Wow. (beat) Come on. Please.

BETHANY

Patrick you're begging.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well?

BETHANY

If I did...I'll have to make a phone call.

PATRICK BATEMAN

That's a negative. Call from my place.

She stands swaying. The Amex slip returns. Bethany signs.

86 INT. PATRICK'S PENTHOUSE - SAME

86

Bethany moves into the livingroom area, nodding her head approvingly. Edie Brickell and the New Bohemians' *What I Am* seeps out of the Wurlitzer.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

86

BETHANY

Very nice, Mr. Bateman, very nice.

At the front door, Pat locks it and bolts it shut. Bethany runs her hand over the Wurlitzer. Bethany looks at the Baselitz painting above Pat's fireplace.

BETHANY (O.S.)

Patrick?

Pat puts on a pair of leather gloves. Opens the armoire.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes? Darling?

Pat loads the Makita nail-gun. C.U. on the loaded barrel.

BETHANY

(studying the painting)

How long has it been this way?

Pat stands behind her. His gold Daytona Rolex says it's 2:22.

BETHANY

It's hung upside down. George Baselitz only paints upside down images.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(a low whisper)

What in the fuck are you doing with Robert Hall?

BETHANY

(still contemplating the right side up image that is meant to be upside down)

What did you say?

Bethany turns around. From her POV: She sees the nail gun.

PATRICK BATEMAN

What the fuck are you doing with Robert Hall?

She makes a futile dash for the door. Pat leaps at her, blocking her escape, knocking her unconscious with four blows to the head from the nail gun.

He drags her back unconscious to the livingroom. Laying her on a white sheet, Pat stretches her arms out, shooting nails into each hand, into the wood floor. She wakes up. Screams. He sprays Mace into her eyes, mouth, into her nostrils.

Pat wraps his Ralph Lauren cashmere coat around her head, drowning out her screams. Label showing.

(CONTINUED)

He keeps shooting nails into her hands until they are both covered - nails bunched together, making it impossible for her to sit up. She passes out from the pain.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(drooling)  
You bitch. You fucking bitch.

He removes her shoes. Her kicking at the floor has scuffed the oak.

Pat sets up a Sony palm-sized Handycam on a stand, red light on, running on automatic, aimed at Bethany.

A phone rings. Pat answers it.

INTERCUT:

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Bateman here.

JEAN  
Pat, I'm sorry to bother you, but the Japanese are on the line about that transaction. Will you speak with them?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Conference us together please.

KENKICKI NAKAJIMA  
My colleagues need to know if we are going to close our deal.

O.S. Bethany starts screaming.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well. Hmm. I'm in. - Jean. - Jean, fax them confirmation. Thank you Mr. Nakajima.

Bethany still screaming in the background.

KENKICKI NAKAJIMA  
You're very welcome. Goodbye.

JEAN  
(laughing)  
What horror movie are you watching Patrick? Patrick, you should have at least turned the TV down. They didn't know you were at home.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Oh, I don't know. He probably thought you called me on the trading floor. Send the fax.

(CONTINUED)



5 CONTINUED: (3)

86

JEAN (O.S.)  
Okay. Bye-bye. (click)

He stabs her with a scissor. He takes the coat and places it like a pillow under her head. Leaning down, Pat brushes her hair back.

She tries as hard as she can to cry out. Her face, pale to the point of blueness, contracts, twitching with pain, her eyes dull with horror. No words.

FADE TO BLACK

7 INT. THE PATTY WINTERS SHOW - LATER THAT NIGHT

87

Full frame on an octopus sitting unconcerned in a small customized aquarium. Patty listens to the speaker coming from a microphone attached to the octopus' tentacle.

PATTY WINTERS  
Quiet, let's see what this eight limbed creature has to say. Say something.

The octopus' face strains to communicate.

OCTOPUS  
(in sea animal phonetics)  
Cheese.

8 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - SAME

88

In bed watching TV. Pat starts to cry.

9 EXT. DRY CLEANER NEAR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - 8 A.M. - NEXT MORNING

89

Opening the cleaner's front door, the bell sounds, automatically announcing Patrick, unlit cigar in his mouth. An ambulance with a loud siren passes by.

0 INT. DRY CLEANER - SAME

90

He's got two bundles in his arms which he unloads onto the counter top.

The tiny CHINESE WOMAN takes one look and jabbars in a squawking foreign dialect screeching for her HUSBAND in the back. She is shaking her head at the Ralph Lauren cashmere coat, two Brooks Brothers shirts, and a tie - all splattered with blood. There's a set of bloodied sheets.

Pat waves his unlit cigar. Jacket over his arm.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Listen, wait...You're not...shhh,  
wait...shhh, you are not giving me valid reasons.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

The husband holds the bedsheets, more bloodied than the clothes.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(slowly)

What are you trying to say to me?

(pause)

Bleach-ee? Are you trying to say bleach-ee? Oh my god.

The Chinese woman's voice screeches up an octave.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Two things. One, you can't bleach a Ralph Lauren cashmere coat. Out of the question. Two, I can only get these sheets in Santa Fe. These are very expensive sheets and I really need them clean...If - you - don't - shut - your - fucking - mouth - I - will - kill - you - are - you - understanding - me?

The woman jabbars in a panic.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Now listen, I have a very important lunch meeting at Hubert's in thirty minutes.

(looks at Daytona gold Rolex)

No, wait, twenty minutes. I have a lunch meeting at Hubert's and I need those sheets cleaned by this afternoon.

(to husband)

Listen. I cannot understand her.

(laughs)

This is crazy. I can't cope with this.

She points at the sheets relentlessly.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Stupid bitch-ee! Oh Christ.

He yanks the jacket back. The door chimes and Patrick closes his eyes.

GIRL (O.S.)

Patrick?

He looks at her, recognizing her.

GIRL

Hi Patrick, I thought it was you.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(sighs)

Hello.

(to Chinese lady)

Well...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GIRL

Isn't it ridiculous? Coming all the way up here, but you know they really are the best.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Then why can't they get these stains out? I mean can you talk to these people or something? I'm not getting anywhere.

The GIRL touches the sheet. The Chinese woman continues their squawking in the same spastic, foreign tongue.

GIRL

(to Pat)

What are those? Oh my.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(looks again at them)

Um well...it's, um, cranberry juice, cranapple juice.

GIRL

It doesn't look like cranberry, I mean cranapple, to me.

PATRICK BATEMAN

...Well, it's really...Bosco. You know, like...like a Dove Bar. Somewhere between a Dove Bar and Hershey's syrup.

GIRL

(understanding)

Oh yeah. They're really pretty sheets.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Listen, if you could talk to them I would really appreciate it. I'm really late.

He reaches for the sheet and lays it gently on the counter. The screeching Chinese woman starts up again.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yeah, well, oh boy, listen, I've got to go. I feel out of my league here.

(faking gratitude)

Thank you, uh...Veronica.

GIRL

It's Vic-tor-ia.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh right, Victoria. Didn't I say that?

VICTORIA

No. You said Veronica.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm sorry. I'm having problems.

VICTORIA

Maybe we could have lunch one day next week? You know, I'm downtown near Wall Street quite often.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh, I don't know, Victoria. I'm at work all the time.

VICTORIA

(afraid)

Well, what about, oh, you know, maybe a Saturday?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Next Saturday?

VICTORIA

(timidly)

Yeah.

C.U. on his Rolex - 8:11. He moves toward the door.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh. Can't, I'm afraid. Matinee of *Les Miserables*. Listen, I've got to go. I'll...Oh Christ...I'll call you.

91 EXT. OUTSIDE THE DRY CLEANERS - SAME

91

Walking down the street unable to get a cab. He sees a poor girl with a blank, grave face, sitting on a townhouse stoop and drops a dollar into her styrofoam cup.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Good luck.

Her expression changes completely. Patrick catches this and notices a book - Sartre - in her lap and then the Columbia University book bag beside her. C.U. on the dollar bill from Patrick in her capuccino.

GIRL

Hey, what's your goddamn problem?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I didn't ... I didn't know it was ... full.

Mortified, he hails a taxi.

92 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

92

Looking out the window. Patrick stares at the World Trade Center opposite this one. The cloud filled sky freezes into

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

92

a backdrop. A bird is the only moving thing, flying into Pat's window, with a bang. It loses ground, then flies away.

Pat looks around, at the ceiling. Checks on a crossword puzzle he's been working on. Jean peers into the office.

JEAN

Doin' the crossword? Need help?

Angle down on the crossword puzzle. Every space of the crossword is filled in with the word "MEAT" or "BONE."

Jean holds up a stack of files.

JEAN

Patrick, here are your files on the Fisher account...

He takes the file out of her hand, looking at her face. For the first time he seems to realize Jean is actually there - always for him.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Should we go out to celebrate Jean?

JEAN

Yes, Patrick?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Would you like dinner? Later? That is, if you're not...doing anything.

JEAN

I have no plans.

He lowers his Wayfarers and looks up. Their eyes lock.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well, isn't this a coincidence? Neither do I. (jesting) Unless of course you're afraid to go out with me. I mean, your boss and all.

She acts like she can handle this moment. She's game.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Where should it be?

He pulls out his Zagat restaurant guide. Jean sees it as a test.

JEAN

Anywhere...you want.

PATRICK BATEMAN

No, no, no. How about anywhere you want. Why don't we let Jean decide.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

JEAN

Oh, I don't know...(trying to impress)  
How about...Dorsia?

Pat looks ill, on the verge of nausea, still studying the Zagat.

PATRICK BATEMAN

So-o-o-o. Dorsia is where Jean wants to  
go...Good chef there.

JEAN

Oh, I don't know. Anywhere.

Casually picking up the phone, quickly dialing with a  
slightly trembling finger.

MAITRE D' (O.S.)

Dorsia, Yes?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Can you take two this evening, let's say,  
in twenty minutes?

MAITRE D' (O.S.)

We are totally booked.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh really?...That's great. Two at nine.  
Perfect.

MAITRE D' (O.S.)

There are no tables. The waiting list is  
also completely booked...

Patrick hears a click.

PATRICK BATEMAN

See you then.

The dial tone comes on. He hangs up. Jean stares at him.

PATRICK BATEMAN

The restaurant is going to be lots of  
fun.

JEAN

(disappointed)

You didn't give them a name.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(smiling)

You're really...up on things tonight. He  
knows my voice.

INT. DORSIA RESTAURANT OFF FIFTH AVENUE - THAT NIGHT

93

While the MAITRE D' seats a COUPLE, Pat and Jean move up to his podium. The reservation book lying open with names listed. Pat scans it and spots a reservation for Schrawtz, at 9:00, no line through it.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(to Jean)

Don't you want to use the ladies' room?

MIKE TYSON is seated nearby with a BLACK MODEL. There is a separate table for his BODYGUARDS.

JEAN

Why? I mean...do I?

The MAITRE D' arrives. He's young, 18, with a small ponytail.

MAITRE D'

Name?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Um, Schrawtz - Mr. and Mrs. Schrawtz.

They are led to the Schrawtz' table.

Once seated Pat sees a handsome COUPLE at the podium conferring with the maitre d'. Pat is incredibly nervous.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Something bad is happening.

JEAN

(worried he doesn't like her)

Why? What's wrong?

The maitre d' glares at Pat and leads the couple to this table.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Protecting the ozone layer is a really cool thing.

MAITRE D'

Mr. and Mrs. Schrawtz?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes? (long pause) You know, I happen to know the chef. Is he...in Aspen?

This gets nowhere. Pat turns to Jean who is completely mystified, but relieved.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

PATRICK BATEMAN

Let's go, okay? Let's just get the fuck out of here.

She nods dumbly. Humiliated, Pat takes Jean's hand and brushes past the maitre d', the Schrawtz' and Tyson.

94 EXT. OUTSIDE DORSIA UPPER SEVENTIES OFF FIFTH AVENUE - SAME

94

Pat's utterly devastated.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(murmuring robotically)

I should have known better, I should have known better, I should...

Jean skips down the street laughing, pulling Pat along. He finally notices her. She's young and innocent.

JEAN

That was so funny. Your sense of humor is so spontaneous.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Do you mind if we walk to another restaurant? I could use the air.

JEAN

I'd like that.

Patrick's jacket flies open exposing a knife in his breast pocket. They walk to Fifth Avenue and stop.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'd like to walk along the park. You won't get scared will you Jean?

JEAN

I'm a scared person to start with.

He places his hand on the small of her back and pushes her lightly across Fifth Avenue to the Central Park side of the street.

Above their heads are the bare winter trees, moonlit.

95 INT. PRIVATE ROOM JAPANESE RESTAURANT - LATER SAME NIGHT

95

Served by a beautiful Japanese punk GEISHA, beside a trickling fountain. Jean picks a song from the table top jukebox - Bruce Springsteen singing *A Brilliant Disguise*.

JEAN

Well, I'd like to travel, and maybe go back to school, finish college, but I really don't know...I'm at a point in my life where there seems to be a lot of possibilities, but I'm so...I don't know...(pause) What do you want to do?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

95

PATRICK BATEMAN

(grim)

To live happily ever after right? That's what I want.

JEAN

Come on, smile, Patrick.

PATRICK BATEMAN

It's...tough to smile. These days. At least I find it hard to. I'm not used to it, I guess. No one really smiles anymore.

JEAN

That's why people...need each other.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Or, well, people compensate...People can adjust to anything.

JEAN

I don't know. I guess. But one still has to maintain...a ratio of more good than bad in this world.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Sometimes what you wear to the office makes all the difference. (beat) Do you have a boyfriend?

JEAN

Not really...Are you seeing anyone seriously?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No. I just want to have a meaningful relationship with someone...special.

6 EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF JEAN'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT -  
SAME NIGHT

96

Pat looks up at the sky, humbled by the curtain of stars. A DOORMAN eyes him warily.

JEAN

Do you want to come up for a drink?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I want to watch Letterman, so I should go.

JEAN

Well, I guess...it's good night then.

Jean awkwardly shakes his hand. Her lust and disappointment are enormous.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN

I wish I had the character and I wish I could go upstairs and be polite and leave without too much damage, but I can't. I don't have the control that most people have. I'm not your...normal American male.

JEAN

Yes you are. You just need to loosen up a little.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You should go. I think I might hurt you.

JEAN

(thinking he means  
emotionally)

I understand.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You don't want to get hurt do you?

JEAN

You couldn't hurt me.

Jean embraces Pat. E.C.U. on her lips parting. Pat's eyes close. Black for a second.

Pat opens his eyes. From his POV: Jean kissing him on the mouth. He gently pushes her away. Jean looks at him fearfully.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Listen, I don't want to miss...Stupid Pet Tricks.

JEAN

(shyly)

Okay, bye.

They part in different directions. He looks back at her.

97 EXT. FANTASY CENTRAL PARK SHEEP'S MEADOW - DAY

97

He imagines Central Park on a cool spring afternoon with Jean, holding a balloon. Cautiously, she lets it go. Her panties show through her dress, backlit from the sun. The balloon becomes very small in the open sky.

98 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

98

Pat, sitting behind his desk, notices the light on his phone blinking. He answers calmly.

PATRICK BATEMAN

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEAN  
Um, Patrick?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Ye-es Jean?

JEAN  
Patrick, a Mr. Donald Kimball is here to see you.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Who?

JEAN  
Detective Donald Kimball.

Pat stares at the headless woman he's doodled on the back of a *Sports Illustrated*. He tears it off and crumples it.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Tell him...tell him I'm at lunch.

JEAN  
(whispers)  
Patrick...he knows you're here. It's ten-thirty.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well fuck it, send him in. I guess.

Pat stands and inspects himself in the mirror. Taking the cordless phone, he pretends to be talking.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(getting into character)  
Now, John...there are definitely do's and don't's good buddy. A bold-striped shirt calls for solid-colored or discreetly patterned suits and ties.

The door opens and Pat waves Kimball in. He is Pat's age.

PATRICK BATEMAN (CONT'D) \*  
You have to determine the material's weave. A shirt with a high yarn count is more durable.

Pat gestures to a chrome chair, urging Kimball to take a seat.

PATRICK BATEMAN (CONT'D) \*  
Right, and...yes, John, right.  
And...yes, always tip the stylist fifteen percent. The girl who washes the hair?...depends on what she looks like.  
(laughs)  
And yeah, what else she washes. Okay, John...right, gotta go. T. Bone Pickens just walked in.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

Pat hangs up and puts the antenna down. Pat looks him over.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)  
The bastard's wearing practically the  
same Armani suit I have on.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm sorry about that.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
No, I'm sorry. I should have made an  
appointment. Was that, uh, anything  
important?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Oh that? Just examining opportunities...

They laugh together. Kimball's hand is outstretched.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
Hi, I'm Donald Kimball.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Pat Bateman. Nice to meet you.

Pat squeezes his hand firmly. They both sit down.

Pat moves a video cassette entitled, *Driller Killer* under his  
desk with his foot.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
So. What's the topic?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
I've been hired by Meredith Powell to  
investigate the disappearance of Paul  
Owen.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You're not with the FBI or anything?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
No, no, nothing like that. I'm just a  
private investigator.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Oh, right, well I haven't heard anything  
about the disappearance or anything...not  
on Page Six at least.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
I think his family wants this kept quiet.

Pat squeezes the bridge of his nose and closes his eyes. Pat  
takes out a small bottle of Extra Strength Tylenol.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

98

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Nuprin?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
Uh...no thanks.

Pat swallows one dry. Kimball takes out a pack of Marlboros.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Bad habit.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
I know. I'm sorry. Do you...would you  
rather I not smoke?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No problem.

Pat buzzes Jean.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Jean, bring us an ashtray for Mr.  
Kimball, please.

In seconds, she brings it in with a worried expression.  
Leaves.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
What can you tell me about Paul Owen?

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)  
How could I describe Paul Owen to this  
guy? He's a boasting, arrogant, cheerful  
dickhead who constantly weaseled his way  
out of checks at Nell's? Or should I  
share the unfortunate information that  
his dick had a name and that name was  
Michael?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I didn't know him all that well. I'm at  
a loss. He was part of that whole...Yale  
thing, you know.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
What do you mean...Yale thing?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Well, I think for one that he was a  
closet homosexual. Who did a lot of  
cocaine...~~That~~ Yale thing.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL  
So...there's nothing more pertinent you  
can tell me about Paul Owen?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well, he led what I suppose is a normal life. He...ate a balanced diet.

(smiling)

I hope I'm not being cross-examined here.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Do you feel that way?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No. Not really.

Kimball writes something down with a gold Cross pen.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Where did Paul hang out?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Harry's. Fluties. Indochine. The New York Yacht Club. The regular places.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

He had a yacht?

PATRICK BATEMAN

No...no, he just hung out there. I mean, he may have had a yacht - I don't...

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

It's O.K. It's not pertinent. Anything else you can tell me? We don't have a lot to go on.

PATRICK BATEMAN

We were both seven in 1969.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

(big grin)

So was I.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Any fingerprints or witnesses?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

His answering machine message says he went to London.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well, maybe he did, huh? London's a lot of fun.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

His girlfriend doesn't think so.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes. You've got to find the body dead or alive. Has anyone seen him in London?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

98

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Actually, yes. A... Jay Jopling - an art dealer - says he saw him at the Groucho Club there, but I checked it out and what happened is, he mistook a Hubert Ainsworth for Paul.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh. People are always mistaking each other. It makes me sick.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Do you remember where you were on the night of Paul's disappearance the fifth of January?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Gosh... I guess... I was probably returning videotapes.

Pat opens his desk drawer, pushing aside a few nails and some teeth, takes out his datebook and flipping through the pages, all of which are blank, announces-

PATRICK BATEMAN

I had a date with a girl named Veronica.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Wait, that's not what I've got.

PATRICK BATEMAN

What?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

That's not the information I received.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well... I... wait... what information have you received?

Kimball looks through his book of notes.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

When was the last time you were with Paul Owen?

PATRICK BATEMAN

The... last time I physically saw him was at an automated teller. I can't remember which... just one that was near, um, Nell's.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

But the night he disappeared? I think maybe you've got your dates mixed up.

Pat takes out Paul Owen's keys.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN

Where do you place Paul that night?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

According to his datebook, and this was verified by his secretary, he had dinner with...Marcus Halberstam.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Marcus?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Yes. And Halberstam denies it. Though at first he couldn't be sure.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well, does Marcus have an alibi?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Yes.

PATRICK BATEMAN

He does? You're sure?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

I checked it out. It's clean.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Now where were you?

Pat almost hiccups.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Where was Marcus?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

He was at Atlantis with Craig McDermott, Frederick Dibble, Harry Newman, George Butner and - you.

Outside a jet goes by.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh right...we had wanted Paul Owen to come, but he said he had plans...I guess I had dinner with Victoria the following night.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Like I said, I was just hired by Meredith.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Did you know Meredith Powell is dating Brock Thompson?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (7)

98

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

I don't know about that. All I know is that Paul Owen owes her supposedly a lot of money. Personally, I think the guy went nutso.

(pause)

Was he involved in occultism or Satan worship?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Er, what?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

I know it sounds like a lame question but in New Jersey last month - I don't know if you've heard about this, a young stockbroker was recently arrested and charged with murdering a young Chicano girl and performing voodoo rituals with, well, various body parts.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yikes.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

And, I mean...have you heard anything about this?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Did the guy deny doing it?

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Right.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Sounds like an interesting case.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Even though the guy says he's innocent he still thinks he's Inca, the bird god, or something.

They both laugh out loud together.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Paul wasn't into that. He followed a balanced diet and-

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Yeah, I know, and was into that whole Yale thing.

They both laugh out loud together.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Have you consulted a psychic?

(CONTINUED)

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

No...Toiletries were missing. A suit was gone. So was some luggage. He's probably just hiding out somewhere. Split out of town for a while. Sightseeing. Drinking. Whatever. Anyway, I'm pretty sure he'll turn up. I'll probably go to London to look for him.

PATRICK BATEMAN

London's fun.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

One day someone's walking around, going to work, alive, and then...nothing... People just...disappear.

PATRICK BATEMAN

The earth just opens up and swallows people. This is no time for the innocent.

Kimball stands, hands Pat his card.

DET. DONALD KIMBALL

Thanks for your time.

Kimball leaves, closes the door. Pat checks his Submariner Rolex.

99 EXT. HARRY'S - NIGHT

99

The usual suspects enter Harry's - McDermott, Denton, Dibble, Van Patten, etc. A BIG BLONDE is seated in the back.

100 INT. HARRY'S MEN'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT

100

Pat takes a well-used urinal cake from the Men's Room while a withered old ATTENDANT looks on. Pat wraps it in paper towels and puts it in his suit pocket.

101 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

101

Patrick's Spanish MAID, HECULA wipes blood off the wall in the livingroom. She has a bucket of reddish detergent water which she rinses the bloodied sponge in. Beside her bucket is garbage including a bloodstained issue of Interview magazine.

In the kitchen, Patrick unwraps the urinal cake and places it on a silver tray. He places a mound of chocolate truffles from an elaborate GODIVA chocolate gift box on top of the cake. He takes a saucepan of melted truffles. Pours this over the urinal cake. Places it in the freezer.

(CONTINUED)

01 CONTINUED:

101

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Looking good. Look-ing good.

On the countertop a caged RAT screeches.

02 INT. THE RAINBOW ROOM ROCKEFELLER CENTER - NIGHT

102

The WAITERS sing *Happy Birthday* around a candle-lit, chocolate-truffled urinal cake still resting in a GODIVA box which sits on a silver tray placed in front of Evelyn.

WAITERS  
...Happy Birthday dear Evelyn, happy birthday to you...

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Patrick. It's so sweet of you.

A waiter tries to put a spoon next to Pat but he waves it away. Evelyn blows out the candle.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
I adore Godiva. Won't you have some?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Dinner was so filling. It's for you.  
There's not a lot there.

She takes the first bite, chewing dutifully, then swallows. She shudders. Then tries to take another bite.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
How is it?

She blanches, her face twisted with displeasure. She manages to swallow that bite and reaches for her water.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(gulping)  
It's just...it's just...so minty.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(ignoring her)  
A toast. Come on, raise your champagne flute.

He raises his flute. Evelyn still grimacing, tries to lift hers.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I think, that...that we've lost touch.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
What?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I said I think we've lost touch.

(CONTINUED)

EVELYN RICHARDS

(coughing)

What's wrong Patrick? I'm ready to make a firm commitment.

PATRICK BATEMAN

My...my need to engage in...homicidal behavior on a massive scale cannot be, um, corrected. I...have no other way to express my blocked...needs.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Patrick, if you're going to start in again on why I should have breast implants, I'm leaving.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Maybe if you had a cute little lesbian girlfriend, I'd still be interested. It's over, Evelyn. Us. It's all over.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Honey?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Don't call me that.

EVELYN RICHARDS

What? Honey? What do you want me to call you? CEO?

PATRICK BATEMAN

King I'm thinking. King. King, Evelyn. I want you to call me King. But I don't want to tell you this. I don't want 'Evelyn' to call me anything.

(pause)

I don't think we should see each other anymore.

EVELYN RICHARDS

You're really serious, aren't you? What about our past?

PATRICK BATEMAN

The past isn't real. Evelyn, you're just...not terribly important...to me.

EVELYN RICHARDS

Well, who is? Who do you think is, Patrick? Who do you want?

(pause)

Cher?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Cher? Cher? What are you talking about? I want it over. I need sex regularly - constantly. I need to be distracted.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

102

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Pathological. Your behavior is  
pathological.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You're telling me that I'm pathological?

She grabs his hand.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
What do you want me to do?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Oh, Evelyn.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(begs)  
What do you want me to do? Tell me  
Patrick. Please.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You should...oh god, I don't know. Wear  
erotic underwear? Oh Jesus, Evelyn. I  
don't know. Nothing. You can't do  
anything.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Please what can I do?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Smile less often? Know more about cars?  
It won't change anything. You don't even  
drink beer.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
But you don't drink beer either.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
It doesn't matter.

He tosses her his handkerchief.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
(panicked, looking for  
waiter)  
Waiter...I'll have a...I'll have a what?  
A Corona?  
(to Pat)  
You're inhuman.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No, I'm...I've assessed the situation and  
I'm going.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Do you really think you're going to get  
away with this?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK BATEMAN  
With what?

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Torturing me?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Torture Evelyn. Do you want torture?  
I'll give you torture.

EVELYN RICHARDS  
Tell me, Patrick, where are you going?

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)  
I'm just lost in my own private maze,  
thinking about: stock offerings, LBO's,  
ESOP's, GNP's, IPO's; then on to  
billionaires, Sultan of Brunei, Kenkiki  
Nakajima, Sam Walton; to really heavy  
stuff like embryos frozen or scrambled,  
envying someone's life, nuclear warheads,  
waiting in airports. And just as I'm in  
some isolation ward some place where no  
one asks me for identification, I find  
myself saying...

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(to Evelyn)  
Libya.  
(pause)  
Pago Pago. I meant to say Pago Pago.  
And because of your outburst you're  
paying for this meal.

103 INT. LOTUS BLOSSOM KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT

103

Pat, KENKICKI NAKAJIMA, MR. KUNISHI, Van Patten, a stunning  
preppy GIRL, her GIRLFRIENDS, all smiles, drinking. On stage  
a drunken McDermott sings to the karaoke version of *We Are the  
World*. He is accompanied by a video of atomic bombs exploding,  
children of all nationalities, and song lyrics typed over the  
bottom of the screen.

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
Hey, did a detective Kimball talk to you  
yet?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Yup. Did you talk to him?

DAVID VAN PATTEN  
Yeah, yeah.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
What did he say happened to Paul Owen?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Vanished. Just vanished. Poof. No incident. Nothing. The authorities have nada.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yeah, I'm in heavy turmoil over it. What else did you tell him?

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Oh the usual. That he wore yellow and maroon ties. That he didn't wear suspenders. A belt man. That he stopped doing cocaine, simpatico beer. You know Bateman. And now Thimble's in London.

PATRICK BATEMAN

London? When did he go?

DAVID VAN PATTEN

Friday. Took the weekend at Meredith's expense. Put in time on Monday. Can you imagine? Looking for Paul Owen over there?

(pause)

Christ, general competence is on the fucking decline.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Who knows? Maybe Owen is hanging out in London with Tim Price.

104 INT. OWENS APARTMENT FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

104

Carrying a vinyl gym bag emitting rat squeaks. Pat enters the apartment. Turns on the lights.

Out of the gym bag Pat plunks the caged rat on the kitchen countertop. He takes a big wedge of ripe brie cheese. Dips a gloved finger into the brie and checks the rat's reactions by putting his finger up to the cage. The rat lunges.

105 EXT. WASHINGTON AND THIRTEENTH STREET - NIGHT

105

BURLY MEAT PACKERS, their smocks showing the prints of fresh blood as they go in and out of the light of street lamps haul steaming beef carcasses from slaughterhouse trucks.

Christie is on the sidewalk outside a limo. She's wearing a skimpy ruby red vinyl mini outfit with matching red garters and stilleto heels by Pleasure Chest. She's looking down at a silver Gucci money clip attached to a stack of hundreds held in her hand.

CHRISTIE

I don't know.

(pause)

I like you a lot. It's just that. Like, I might need surgery from what happened last time...or a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Patrick is in a limousine, light on, window down.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Oh nothing like the last time is going to happen this time. I promise.

CHRISTIE

I'm not sure. I should still be pretty upset.

Pat writes a check to cash for one thousand. Hands it to her.

PATRICK BATEMAN

That'll cover the legal fees and stuff.

She takes the check, reads it, smiles, opens the limo door herself.

106 INT. PAUL OWEN'S KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT

106

Beige powder sinks into a sea of red. Pat opens four yellowish capsules of Ecstasy and pours them into one of the glasses of red wine. Christie walks into the kitchen. He hands her the drink.

CHRISTIE

You got any coke?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Just ran out.

CHRISTIE

I can get it delivered.

PATRICK BATEMAN

They take Amex?

CHRISTIE

Oh yeah, sure. It's a service.

Pat takes out an Amex Platinum Card with "Paul Owen's" name on it. Gives it to Christie as she dials the phone.

Nearby on the countertop the rat's little hands claw outside the bars for a crumb just beyond its reach.

CHRISTIE

It's a machine.

(eyeing rat)

Oh, the poor gerbil. He's starved. You should feed him.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I will.

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED:

106

CHRISTIE

Shit, it's his machine. Harley? It's me! I need your services. I'm at-

PATRICK BATEMAN

You're at Marcus Halberstam's.

She finishes her wine.

CHRISTIE

Who? Whew. This wine's not so great.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(whispers)

Mar-cus Hal-ber-stam.

CHRISTIE

I'm at Marcus Halberstam's. Beep me.  
You have my number. Later.

07 INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

107

The Bobby McFerrin song *Don't Worry Be Happy* plays lightly.

Pat pulls down Christie's panties over her pale naked legs.  
Ties each leg to the bed posts.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(soothingly)

I guess, in the end, it's all about control.

She looks reassuringly at him as he ties her last free hand.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm afraid I've gotten you up here on false pretenses. I think it's best if you have my attorney, Harold Carnes' contact number.

(offers a scrap of paper)

Just have your attorney give him a buzz.  
You can keep the cash I gave you earlier,  
but I'm stopping payment on the check  
first thing in the morning.

Christie's POV as Pat approaches with the drippy wedge of brie now fully ripened to room temperature.

Pat spreads the brie on her (his hands outside her POV). Pat leaves (O.S.), turns the volume way up on the Bobby McFerrin tune.

Pat returns, this time coming towards her with the caged rat. As Pat moves closer, the rat, starved, goes insane from the scent of the cheese - hurling itself against the cage.

The rat's yellow teeth knash into the steel cage. The door to the cage slides open. In a burst the rat springs out.

- 108 INT. OWEN'S KITCHEN - LATER 108
- The head-that-was-Christie, is in the microwave, black and hairless.
- Patrick stirs blood soup with a heart in it, over the gas burner plates, weeping and sobbing.
- 109 INT. BATHROOM - SAME 109
- Disgusted, he enters the bathroom, wiping away his tears. He empties out his pockets of two tablets of Ecstasy, a packet of cocaine, and the loft key. He throws it all into the toilet. Flushes it. Watches the contents whirl around. When the foam disappears and the toilet bowl is empty, Pat leaves.
- After a beat, the key tumbles back down into the toilet.
- 110 INT. LIVINGROOM - SAME 110
- Patrick dips his hand into the pot of blood. Scrawls in dripping red letters the words I AM BACK on a white cabinet.
- 111 EXT. LONDON - DAY 111
- A helicopter shot of the Thames River by London Bridge.
- 112 INT. CONNAUGHT HOTEL LOBBY LONDON - DAY 112
- Kimball hands a fax to the HALL PORTER. Paul Owen's suitcase is given to Kimball.
- 113 INT. CONNAUGHT HOTEL ROOM - SAME 113
- Kimball opens Paul's suitcase and empties the contents on the queen sized bed, turning the suitcase over. Kimball makes a call.
- 114 EXT. CASH MACHINE TRIBECA STREET DEJA VU - NIGHT 114
- Patrick stares at the automated teller screen. In green lettering the machine reads "Enter your 5-digit code."
- Patrick in an Armani raincoat listens to a Puerto Rican SAXOPHONIST playing the theme from *Les Miserables* in the doorway of an abandoned bistro. Patrick nods to him. The saxophonist, performs, leaning his head back.
- A squad car silently rolls behind Patrick. Two COPS in the front seat.
- Pat takes a .357 magnum out of its holster and screws on a silencer. Unaware, the saxophonist stops playing, the tip of the sax still in his mouth.
- Pat nods for him to go on. Tentatively he does. Pat raises the gun.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

Points at his face and midnote pulls the trigger. The silencer doesn't work, the gunshot is deafening.

A huge crimson ring appears behind his head. His eyes are open as he falls on top of his sax.

Pat walks, casually at first, then into a run, the cop car in pursuit, siren wailing. Pat shoots at them. Cops shoot back.

COP 1  
(on loudspeaker)  
Halt. Stop. Put down your weapon.

A cab, taxi light on, heads towards Pat.

COP 2 (O.S.)  
(on loudspeaker)  
Put down the fucking gun. Don't fuck with us asshole.

Pat collides into the cab, shoving his gun into the ARAB CAB DRIVER's face.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Get the fuck out of the cab - Move.

The cabbie doesn't do it.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Move! Move! Oh shit. Fuck yourself.

Pat shoots. Blood splatters the windshield. Pat shoves the corpse over. Drives.

He struggles to wipe the blood off the windshield. He can't see, barely avoids a collision with another cab, which sideswipes a parked limo. C.U. on cabbie's framed driver's license. A photo and his name in bold letters SOLLY FALLAH.

Cop car rams into Pat's vehicle. Pat swerves into the inside of a Korean deli. The body of a KOREAN CASHIER slides across the hood with a thud.

Pat staggers out into the drizzle.

One of the cops jumps Pat. Pat knocks the cop onto the pavement. They wrestle over the Magnum in Pat's grasp, Pat squeezes off a bullet, blowing a crease in the top of the cop's skull, grazing him.

Pat loosens cop's grip on the gun. Shoots him in the chest. Pink sprays across the sidewalk.

More COPS arrive in cars firing shots. Pat returns fire, hitting a cop. A stray bullet from Pat's gun hits a gas tank of a police car, its headlights dim before it bursts apart in a fireball. Patrick runs away. It starts to pour rain.

115 EXT. WALL STREET WORLD TRADE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

115

Exhausted but still running. The twin towers of the World Trade Center loom into view. A branch of lightning streaks upward from their antenna. Pat ducks into the building. Taking one last look outside. POV suddenly as a police helicopter flies past dangerously close.

116 INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - LOBBY - NIGHT

116

Stopping short. Pat sees a big Schnabel painting hanging on the wall behind the NIGHT WATCHMAN.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(to himself)

Wrong fucking building. Shit!

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Mr. Drake? You forgot to sign in.

PATRICK BATEMAN

You got my name wrong.

Patrick shoots him. The bullet catches the watchman in the throat and throws him spinning back. His jugular spurts blood that hangs momentarily in midair.

Pat turns around to the revolving door. Sees the black JANITOR mopping. Janitor drops the mop, raises his hands.

JANITOR

You don't got to do it.

Pat considers, then shoots him through the forebrain, his head deforms in a spray. Patrick runs out. Seconds later some police run in.

117 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

117

The wind is belting rain into the office windows behind Patrick. A helicopter appears over the opposite World Trade Center tower. A searchlight illuminates Patrick's face. A SWAT TEAM leaps out of the helicopter, disappears through the entrance on the roof. Flares are lined up, shot. The sky reddens.

Patrick collapses, head in hands, having reached his limit. He picks up the cordless phone, looking through the rolodex. In a list under "Lawyers." C.U. on Harold Carnes' name and number. Pat dials. An answering machine picks up as Pat breathes audibly.

CARNES' MESSAGE MACHINE

(O.S.)

...business in London till the nineteenth. Please leave your message. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

117

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

Carnes, this is Patrick Bateman. Uh, I'm a pretty sick guy...You're my lawyer... I've killed - twelve or thirty...I don't understand why. I killed and raped a N.Y.U. student last week in Central Park, near the zoo. I strangled her. I maced her first. I had a knife and I stabbed her near the penguin habitat - There was an owl in the trees at the zoo. I killed Paul Owen. I axed him right through the fucking skull. I planned it. I did it. Now you know...Now you know...He's in the loft. Unrecognizable really...I killed a prostitute, from the meat market off Greenwich. I used a car battery to burn her up, scissors, mace, I don't know if I used the Makita nail gun, or the rat, or the Milwaukee chainsaw...I fed the girl's brains to a dog in Central Park. I don't know why I did it. I killed a gay man and his dog near Cafe Des Artistes. I killed this hardbody from Nell's. She was interested in S&M. I have a lot of this on film. I showed the videos to a few of the girls. I can't remember their names. Virginia Bell, I decapitated her for sure. I may have killed Cindy Crawford, but I don't know. I'm bad with names. I used a nail gun on Bethany. Chainsaw on Christie...I admit everything. I'm trying not to leave anything out...I wanted you to know Carnes. Now...now... now...I left someone in a parking lot... near a Dunkin' Donuts...somewhere around midtown. I don't know if I killed Luis Carruthers or a sax player. I don't know, maybe Luis plays sax.

Time lapse of skyline - night turns into dawn. The morning sun looking like a planet on fire - breaks through the clouds over Manhattan. The rain stops.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Listen Carnes, if you get back - I may show up at Nell's. so, you know, keep your eyes open.

.18 INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

118

Maya Daren recording of a Haitian voodoo incantation entitled *Papa Ghede* plays as score. A young Spanish cleaning lady, HORTENCIA is twisting and turning as she sees the horrible bloody remains of Christie. She runs to the phone and dials, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

MRS. OWEN (O.S.)  
 Call a hospital. You're not a medical professional.

Hortencia's POV reverse side of room. Female body parts strewn amidst Paul Owen's minimalist decor. The words in blood red "I AM BACK," a primitive drawing in blood of the head of a bird below.

HORTENCIA  
 I don't know? What should I do? What should I do?  
 (crying)  
 Can I go Mrs. Owen? Can I go?  
 (pause)  
 I can't stay here.  
 (crying)  
 If they coming back?

119 INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

119

A police PHOTOGRAPHER shoots the main details - the heart in the soup bowl of blood, Christie's burnt head, the kitchen cabinet painted in blood - I AM BACK.

A fingerprint EXPERT dusts the room. An ASSISTANT places the Dorsia match book into a plastic sealed bag.

120 INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - SAME

120

A forensic EXPERT lifts the dead rat cut in two off of the bloodied bed, into a plastic bag.

121 INT. OWEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

121

A POLICEMAN wearing rubber gloves reaches into the toilet bowl and retrieves the loft key.

122 INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - MONDAY - MORNING

122

Jean walks in hesitantly. Patrick's unshaven.

JEAN  
 Growing a beard Patrick...doing the George Michael thing? - Fortune Magazine called to do an interview. What should I say?

She hands him his messages.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
 Here are all your messages.

Poking his head in first, Tim Price strolls into the office - passing Jean on her way out. Looking fit, an ash smudge on his forehead. They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

.22 CONTINUED:

122

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

For the sake of form, Tim Price resurfaces - or at least I'm pretty sure he does. There's a smudge on his forehead. At least that's what I think I see. Aside from that he looks remarkably fit.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Hey, old buddy. Where've you been?

TIMOTHY PRICE

(the ash smudge is gone)

Just making the rounds.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Far out...How was...it?

TIMOTHY PRICE

It was...surprising. How about you? And Evelyn? - Still engaged or married?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm okay - we broke up.

TIMOTHY PRICE

Too bad...And Courtney?

PATRICK BATEMAN

She married Luis Saturday.

TIMOTHY PRICE

(suggestively)

Do you have her number?

PATRICK BATEMAN

You've been gone, like, forever, Tim. What's the story?

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

(the ash smudge is back)

I noticed the smudge on his forehead again, though I get the feeling that if I asked someone else if it was truly there, he or she would just say no.

TIMOTHY PRICE

I've been back. You probably just missed me. Lost track. I'm working for Robinson. Right hand man, you know. Call me.

Tim leaves. Pat takes this in, kind of choked up.

3 EXT. SANDSTONE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

123

A cumulus clouded sky rests above an historical mansion serene in its park-sized garden. The chauffeured black Towncar drives through the estate lawns.

124 INT. TOWNCAR - SAME

124

J&B pours down on the ice filled tumbler. Pat has his attache case and a few financial newspapers. His gold Rolex Oyster reads - 3:30. He's sporting a faint beard. Switching channels on the limo TV, he settles on The Patty Winters Show. Full frame on the show.

PATTY WINTERS  
UFO's that kill.

The station jumps to a clip of the interview.

ALIEN ABDUCTEE  
One time I returned from my alien abduction with blood on my hands. Another time I had my dress on backwards and a bra that wasn't even mine.

PATTY WINTERS  
I'd like you all to see some government footage from 1947 showing what happens when the situation is reversed.

The limousine comes to a stop at the columned entrance to Sandstone Mental Hospital, marked by a plaque. The DRIVER opens the car door for Pat.

125 INT. SANDSTONE MENTAL HOSPITAL - SAME

125

Amidst silence a NURSE leads Patrick down a marble hallway through locked double doors.

NURSE  
She has a good attitude. That can help tremendously.

She opens a door and Pat enters a bedroom.

126 INT. MRS. BATEMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

126

His MOTHER, heavily sedated, has black Ray-Ban sunglasses on and keeps touching her hair. She tries to smile, sitting on her bed in a nightgown from Bergdorf's and slippers by Norma Kamali.

MOTHER  
What do you want for Christmas?

He looks out the window. Through the bars the lawn darkens, a cloud eclipses the sun.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Nothing. It's a long way off still. Ten months away. What do you want?

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED:

126

MOTHER

I just want to have a nice Christmas.

Sitting, Pat opens his attache, takes out a *Washington Post* article.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I found an article on cousin Jay in the *Washington Post*.

MOTHER

Tell me the news.

Shaking, he hands her the article. She takes it.

PATRICK BATEMAN

He's at St. Albans now and it seems that he's managed to get tried in court for rape. It says he raped a girl, and bit off her earlobes. He got probation.

MOTHER

Oh, this is the article on Elizabeth's boy, the one that goes to St. Albans?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes. It is.

Pat steals his mother's bottle of prescription Xanax from her night table top.

MOTHER

You look unhappy.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I'm not.

MOTHER

You look unhappy.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Well, you do too.

MOTHER

How was the party?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Okay, it wasn't very good.

MOTHER

What time did you leave? One? Two?

Pat looks out the window, through the bars as the cloud passes the sun, the lawn turns green again in the sunlight.

Pat looks at the silver framed, black and white photograph on his mother's night table of his FATHER when he was a much younger man.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

His father is dressed in a Brooks Brothers sport coat. He stands next to a large topiary animal on the Connecticut family estate and in an E.C.U. gradually filling the screen we see there is something the matter with his eyes which exhibit an ineffable pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 INT. NELL'S CLUB - THAT NIGHT

127

E.C.U. on two green and white eyes of George Washington on a dollar bill. Pull back as Pat puts bill in cup at bar. J&B in other hand.

HAROLD CARNES stands at the bar drinking champagne with Ted Madison. Patrick approaches Harold, who is clearly fortified by martinis. The Simply Red song, *If You Don't Know Me By Now*, croons on.

TED MADISON

But look what happened to Gekko.

HAROLD CARNES

Face it, Donald Trump will own most of New York by the end of the 90's.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Harold, I don't give a shit. Did you get my message or not?

Carnes laughs, turns away from the others.

HAROLD CARNES

Jesus...Yes, that was hilarious. That was you, was it?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Yes.

HAROLD CARNES

(chuckling)

Bateman killing Owen and the escort girl? Oh that's bloody marvelous. Really key, as they say at the Groucho Club...

(looking dismayed)

It was a rather long message, no?

PATRICK BATEMAN

But what exactly do you mean by this, Harold?

HAROLD CARNES

Why, the message you left. Concerning Bateman.

Harold turns walking away and Pat chases him.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

127

PATRICK BATEMAN

But wait, Harold. What - do - you - mean?

HAROLD CARNES

I am not one to bad-mouth anyone. Your joke was amusing. But come on, man, you had one fatal flaw: Bateman's such a bloody ass-kisser, such a brown-nosing goody-goody that I couldn't fully appreciate it. Otherwise it was amusing. I'll grant you that. Now let's have lunch, or we'll have dinner.

PATRICK BATEMAN

What are you talking about? Patrick Bateman is what?

HAROLD CARNES

Oh good god, man. Why else would Evelyn Richards dump him? You know, really. He could barely pick up an escort girl, let alone...what was it you said he did to her? Oh yes, 'chop her up. Now if you'll excuse me.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Wait. Stop, you don't seem to understand. You're not really comprehending any of this. I killed him. I did it, Carnes. I chopped Owen's fucking head off. I tortured dozens of girls. That whole message I left on your machine was true. No, Carnes. Listen to me. I - killed - Paul - Owen - and - I - liked - it.

HAROLD CARNES

It's simply not possible. I saw Paul Owen at dinner twice in London just ten days ago. Let's see, once at Le Caprice and...

PATRICK BATEMAN

(pause)

No, you...didn't?

HAROLD CARNES

(not all there)

Now, (what sounds like) Donaldson, if you'll excuse me.

Patrick, not listening, watches Marcus Halberstam in the distance paying a check, a nearby light highlighting how smokey it is.

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Why?

(CONT'D)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

SOMEONE ELSE (O.S.)  
Did you know that cavemen got more fiber  
than we do?

128 INT. HELL'S KITCHEN LOFT BUILDING STAIRS - DAY

128

Two POLICE OFFICERS from the investigation at Owen's apartment make their way up to the loft door with the realtor. One officer holds the key labelled evidence, unlocks the door.

129 INT. LOFT - SAME

129

One officer enters the bathroom. One making notes, talks to the realtor.

130 INT. LOFT BATHROOM - SAME

130

The officer pulls back the shower curtain. In the tub, is unrecognizable human remains; mostly bleached out pieces of bones, parts of skull, vertebrae.

131 INT. CAB IN CENTRAL PARK - SAME

131

The sky changes color from blue to purple, to black, back to blue. The ARAB CAB DRIVER keeps checking Patrick out in his rear view mirror. The cab driver locks all the doors with a resounding click.

ABDULLAH  
You're the guy who kill Solly.

Abdullah races through a red light.

ABDULLAH  
Man, your face is on a wanted poster  
downtown.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I think I would like to stop here,  
Abdullah. You've incorrectly identified  
me.

He stops the cab, turns toward the back seat holding a gun.

ABDULLAH  
The watch. the Rolex.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Is this some kind of a prank? How do you  
know I'm not going to call you in and get  
your license revoked?

ABDULLAH  
Because you're guilty.  
(cocking the gun)  
The watch.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

131

Patrick hands Abdullah the watch.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You're a dead man, Abdullah.

ABDULLAH  
Yeah? And you're a yuppie scumbag.  
Which is worse?

Abdullah unlocks all the doors.

32 EXT. STREET PAUL OWEN'S BUILDING - LATER

132

It's torrential rain as Pat, drenched, enters Paul Owen's building.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)  
(stuttering)  
22 days have passed since I spent the  
night with the girl from the meat market?  
I love her. But how can I find her now?

33 INT. HALLWAY OWEN'S FLOOR - SAME

133

Moving down the hallway Pat hears voices from inside. He has Owen's keys in his hand.

The apartment door opens, a middle-aged REAL ESTATE BROKER walks out, offers a smile, checking her book.

MRS. WOLFE  
Are you my eleven o'clock?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No.

MRS. WOLFE  
Excuse me.

She makes her way back into the apartment looking at Pat with a strange expression, staring at him.

134 INT. PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT - SAME

134

Pat wanders in.

A couple in their twenties confer in the middle of a totally changed apartment. They walk out of sight into a bedroom.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'm looking for...doesn't Paul Owen live here?

MRS. WOLFE  
No. He doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Are you, like...sure? I  
don't...understand.

She sees Patrick is gripping a surgical mask in a damp fist.

MRS. WOLFE  
You saw the real estate ad in the Times?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
No...I mean yes. Yes, I did. In the  
Times.

MRS. WOLFE  
There was no ad in the Times. I think  
you should go.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
But that's...his - furniture. I  
think...I want to know what happened.

MRS. WOLFE  
I suggest you go. Don't make any  
trouble...Don't come back.

Pat backs away. The couple reappears. Mrs. Wolfe watches,  
waiting until he leaves.

135 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-FOURTH STREET - AFTERNOON

135

A flock of pigeons on the sidewalk bursts up towards  
Patrick's face then up into the sky.

Patrick passing the bronzed glass of Trump Tower spots the  
bum he blinded and the bum's dog. The bum holds up a sign -  
"Vietnam Vet. Blinded in 'Nam."

The dog growls as Pat approaches. Pat whispers in the bum's  
ear.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
You never were in Vietnam.

The bum is terrified immediately recognizing Patrick's voice.

BUM  
Pl-Please...don't hurt me.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
...and your dog was never in Vietnam.

Patrick walks away munching on a Dove Bar. He tosses what's  
left into the trash can.

A bus goes by with an ad for the Island of Hawaii.

EXT. SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK - SAME 136

Uptown on Fifth Avenue beneath the park trees Patrick greets Jean. He holds his hands around Jean's hips. In the background an ambulance screams by.

They both look up at the clouds.

Jean's POV - We see an island, a puppy dog, Alaska, a tulip.

JEAN  
(excited)

I see an island, a puppy dog, Alaska, a tulip.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
That's amusing.

JEAN  
Now you.

Patrick looks up.

Pat's POV - We see a Gucci money clip, an ax, a woman cut in two, and a stunning sepia toned cloudscape spreading like blood across the sky, flowing over the city, onto the buildings bordering the park.

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)  
It's probably better to not tell her - I see a Gucci money clip, an ax, a woman cut in two and a blood soaked cloudscape.

JEAN  
(pause)  
I know you don't see what I see, Patrick. Nothing could be more obvious.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
(impressed)  
Jean.

37 INT. CENTRAL PARK ROMANTIC CAFE - SAME 137

Beside the pond, a WAITRESS takes down Patrick's and Jean's order.

JEAN  
I'll have an iced decaf au lait.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
I'll have a decapitated cappucino. I mean...decaffeinated.

A blast of music from a pedestrian's ghetto blaster has Madonna singing "Life is a mystery, everyone must stand alone..."

(CONTINUED)

JEAN

Haven't you ever wanted to make someone happy?

PATRICK BATEMAN

What? Jean?

JEAN

Haven't you ever wanted to make someone happy?

Patrick looks at traffic.

JEAN (CONT'D)

A lot of people seem to have...lost touch with life and I don't want to be among them...I don't want to get bruised.

Patrick is nodding his head.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I've learned what it's like to be alone and...I think I'm in love with you, Patrick.

Pat turns to her, suddenly hearing what was said.

PATRICK BATEMAN

I love someone else.

She looks quickly away, embarrassed.

JEAN

I'm, well, sorry...gosh.

PATRICK BATEMAN

But...you shouldn't be...afraid. Something can be done about it. Maybe something can't. I don't know. I've thrown away a lot of time to be with you, so it's not like I don't care...You should never mistake affection for...passion. It can be...not good. It can...get you into, well, trouble.

JEAN

What are you trying to say?

PATRICK BATEMAN

Nothing. I'm just...letting you know that...appearances can be deceiving.

JEAN

Why...are you telling me this?

PATRICK BATEMAN

I just...you don't know much about me, do you?

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED: (2)

137

JEAN  
(gravely)  
I want to know more.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Are you sure?

JEAN  
Patrick. I know my life would be...much emptier without you...in it. And I just can't...pretend these feelings don't exist, can I?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Shhh...You don't want someone like me. There's something wrong with a guy who's always thinking about death. I'm not the right type...I mean, jeez...Did you know that Ted Bundy's dog, a collie, was named Lassie?...

JEAN  
(confused)  
Who's...Ted Bundy?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Forget it.

Patrick reaches for Jean's hand. Jean looks deeply into his eyes.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Why do you like me?

JEAN  
Why?

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Yes. Why?

JEAN  
You're sweet. Sweetness is...sexy... Patrick, you're embarrassing me.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
Go on. Please.

JEAN  
And I think shy men are romantic.

PATRICK BATEMAN  
How many people in this world are like me?

JEAN  
I don't think anyone. It's not for me to decide these things.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (3)

137

PATRICK BATEMAN

Sometimes, Jean, the lines separating appearance - what you see - and reality - what you don't - become, well, blurred. Torn.

JEAN

That's not true. That's simply not true.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Really.

JEAN

I didn't used to think so. Maybe five years ago I didn't. But I do now.

138 EXT. EDGE OF PARK FIFTH AVENUE - SAME

138

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

...a flood of reality. I get an odd feeling that this is a crucial moment in my life and I'm startled by the suddenness of what I guess passes for an epiphany.

She takes Pat's hand and squeezes it tightly.

JEAN

Patrick?

PATRICK BATEMAN (V.O.)

For the first time I see Jean as uninhibited. She seems stronger, less controllable - wanting to take me into a new and unfamiliar land. She weakens me, almost as if she's deciding who I am...And in my own stubborn way I can admit to feeling a pang. I find myself dazzled and moved that I may have the capacity to accept her love. Why not end up with her? I am touched by her ignorance of evil.

JEAN

Patrick, talk to me. Don't be so upset.

From looking away Patrick looks at her directly and takes her hand in his.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. SUDAN - DAY

139

In the southern deserts of Sudan the heat rises over thousands upon thousands of MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, seeking food, ravaged and starving. Dead bodies roadside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

139

A CHILD so thin you can't tell whether it is male or female lies in the sand, scratching at it's throat. A cone of dust rises, covering it with silt.

The haggard file by the living child. The boy looks up as a red school bus arrives and the door opens.

JEAN (V.O.)

Why?

CUT BACK TO:

40 INT. CENTRAL PARK ROMANTIC CAPE - SAME AS BEFORE

140

JEAN

Patrick, talk to me. Don't be so upset.

Jean gives Patrick an all accepting look. Hopeful. Patrick stares at her hand which he holds in both of his, delicately touching her small fingers.

JEAN

Patrick, you're not alone.

Pat looks up at the sky - dark blood like cloud forms are receding in time lapse into a brighter, friendlier skyscape. His vision becomes totally realistic, sharp, crisp, for the first time.

PATRICK BATEMAN

(to the camera)

Though it may not last, this thing called love, I hope it does. And though I know I shouldn't have done some things, I'm twenty-eight, and it is the end of the 80's and this is how life in New York really is. This is how, you know, I found it. I found 'it.'

141 INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

141

The bedroom is decorated in a different color. Pat and Jean are naked in bed. Jean wakes him up switching TV channels, sipping coffee, wearing an engagement ring. He sits up still sleepy. Confused, he focuses on Jean. She smiles. A collie jumps on the bed.

JEAN

I can't believe this. Coffee?

The TV reporter DIANE SAWYER speaks into the camera from the courtroom.

DIANE SAWYER

After thirty-four days of evidence and witnesses in a case the jury felt too circumstantial to convict. Marcus Halberstam is acquitted. Found not guilty today for the brutal murder of the prostitute, Sarah Cooper. Halberstam-

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

The camera pans to Marcus who looks sick and weak coming down courthouse steps.

Jean switches the channel. Pat drinks the coffee.

SANDER VANOCUR

-long time suspect in the murder of prostitute Sarah Cooper found in his Central Park West apartment. The evidence that Mr. Halberstam's fingerprints were found on a matchbook in the Owen apartment-

FLASH CUT TO:

142 INT. ELEVATOR OF WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

142

C.U. shot of Marcus handing Pat matchbook to Dorsia restaurant.

MARCUS HALBERSTAM

...Brilliant fussilli-shitake dish-

BACK TO:

143 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

143

Jean switches again.

Shot of Halberstam's attorney, ALLAN DERSHOWITZ, outside courthouse. Sound of cameras clicking, motor drives whirring.

ALLAN DERSHOWITZ (CONT'D)

...That the key, also found at the Owen apartment, to the so called Hell's Kitchen loft-

C.U. key with locksmith's numbers.

ALLAN DERSHOWITZ (CONT'D)

...leased in Marcus Halberstam's name where the human remains were found proved circumstantial, and inconclusive, especially against the DNA testing of the human remains found in the loft bathtub ...which was found contaminated with at least 10 different human DNA fragments and canine and feline DNA as well.

FLASH CUT TO:

144 INT. HELL'S KITCHEN LOFT BATHROOM

144

C.U. on Paul Owen dissolving in bathtub.

BACK TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

145

Jean turns off the TV, cuddles Patrick.

PATRICK BATEMAN

The rich certainly have an advantage here. And...then...people...people just get away with things.

46 INT. MK NIGHT CLUB POOL ROOM BAR - THAT NIGHT

146

In a green barroom filled with stuffed birds, wild game, reptiles, trophies, etc., Pat walks up to the bar past Marcus Halberstam, Paul Denton and a crowd of big BLONDES popping Crystalle celebrating the acquittal.

Marcus, typsy, pleased with himself, raises his flute, clinks glasses exposing a red blood stain on his shirt cuff. Pat and Marcus exchange a long look of recognition.

MARCUS HALBERSTAM

Hey, **BATMAN**. Heard you got the Fisher account. Let's have dinner. Do some bird-dogging.

PATRICK BATEMAN

Ugh, yeah.

THE END